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SCHONE AUSSICHT

BY

LOUISE SPILKER

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Schöne Aussicht

A Journal
of Our Trip Abroad

By
Louise Spilker

Illustrated by the Author

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PREFACE

SOONER or later the average mortal must be tempted in order to see whether or not he will be found wanting. Naturally the sooner the ordeal is over, the better. Just now it is a consuming desire to record my first impressions abroad, to convince myself, if no one else in this cold and venal world, that while enjoying this privilege of foreign sights, I lived with my eyes open, trying to see things intelligently and thoughtfully. Not enough of a travelled worldling to be able to assimilate new impressions and views of life, or to be modified by new surroundings without yielding to this temptation, I have had recourse to the English language (as a vehicle to express my confusion of ideas), whose words are cheap and easy substitutes for thought. However, it is not written with the determination to give information, or to temper it with any sort of humor or guide-book instruction; but mitigated by actual knowledge of the places and things talked about. It may prove that I really think I can tell what I

saw, just as a color-blind man thinks he can pick out red or blue; but the color-blind man, be he ever so teachable, can never know what he misses; and likewise the writer, without a heaven-sent sense or birthright for book-making, never knows how ineffective her narration of sights in book-form really is. It may be equally obvious that the gift has not been cultivated with zeal or properly directed; but whoever reads, I trust, will be born with the precious gift of sympathy.

It is amazing that one is not discouraged as they think of the better utterances upon these same subjects, which have become so constant, so multiplied, diffused, reported, repeated, stereotyped, telegraphed, published, and circulated, that books, pamphlets, speeches and reviews and reports are things that one tries to escape from. This effort will be characterized by haste and superficiality, caused partly by the lack of time and thought necessary to condense, or possibly a fear that its substance might disappear in a process of condensation. He who runs may read. In that great day of reckoning there will be charged to me so many golden hours lost between sunrise and sunset, for persistency in writing monotonous emotions while crossing the Atlantic for the first time.

NEVER MIND

Whatever your work and whatever its worth,
No matter how strong and clever,
Some one will sneer if you pause to hear,
And scoff at your best endeavor.
For the target art has a broad expanse,
And wherever you chance to hit it,
Though close be your aim to the bulls-eye fame
There are those who will never admit it.
Though the house applauds while the artist plays
And a smiling world adores him,
Somebody is there with an ennuied air
To say that the acting bores him.
For the tower of art has a lofty spire,
With many a stair and landing,
And those who climb seem small of time
To one at the bottom standing.
So work along in your chosen niche
With a steady purpose to nerve you;
Let nothing men say who pass your way
Relax your courage or swerve you.
The idle will flock by the Temple of Art
For just the pleasure of gazing,
But climb to the top and do not stop
Though they may not be all praising.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CHAPTER I

OR fear some of you may be deceived about this Atlantic, which was so serenely peaceful and angelic in disposition when crossing on board the Hamburg-American liner "Pennsylvania," July 14, 1900, I will record later impressions and tell you what a wild, treacherous person she is. From July 14th to July 26th, was one of the smoothest, most placid mill-ponds you could ever imagine, in spite of the fact that we started on the voyage Friday, the 13th, from the Hoboken dock, where the greatest of sea disasters had taken place but a few hours previous.

The night before our sunrise sailing was one of hideous recollection, being the recent scene of such an unparalleled holocaust. The air we breathed (when we could find time to catch it from our warfare with Jersey mosquitoes and the heat), was permeated with the sickening stench of decomposed animal flesh, made all the more horrible from the possibility of there being a little human flesh

with it. By our side lay the charred and sunken wrecks of the "Bremen," "Main," and "Salle," with their ghastly cargoes, which had so recently been the scene of many expectant and happy hearts. This terrible sight made the lump of a big empty something harder to swallow, as we swung round so steadily but surely from our slip, out into the deeper water. 'Mid the wails of some and the silent sobs of the more sincere, to the accompaniment of the little German band, we moved slowly but majestically down the bay, exhilarated by a beautiful morning, before the fierce heat of the day could burn. We watched the beloved and familiar sky-scrapers recede; soon Bartholdi joined them, and they were en masse things of the past, not to be soon forgotten, however. There were many things to engage one's thoughts about this time. My dreams of an ocean greyhound had always been that it was an abiding-place next to heaven. Imagine my disappointment as I watched them hiding away in her depths such unsightly stuff as pig-iron, tallow, oils, and, worst of all, bales and bales of that inflammable cotton; working for days and nights to ballast this graceful thing of beauty. Sighs are less frequent, things are less distinct, now only a fancy, as each revolution of the wheel of the gigantic and throbbing engine widens that gulf of all gulfs—the ocean—which I think the most magnificent object under heaven, and I cannot but feel a slight disgust for the

multitudes that view it without emotion; yet it is with a shudder that I think of its grim, tragic side, its rough billows and war of waves.

> "Worlds of water heaped up on high,
> Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,
> Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

In all its various forms it is an object of all others the most suited to affect us with lasting impressions of the awful power that created and controls it. The first breakfast was quite a feature; the bugle call from one of the little German band was clearly heard by all. We read of ocean greyhounds, record-breaking trips, the laying of submarine cables, the practical subduing of the Atlantic; then we consult our maps to discover it but a small pond. We read of things Americans have done in England recently: won the Derby, bought the underground railway, merchant delegates entertained by the King of England, great gifts made to Scotch universities, large shares of government loans taken, etc.,

until we think that the Atlantic has been misrepresented. One has but to take his maiden voyage to have this impression corrected; he can vouch that it is still the roughest and wildest of oceans. Ten or twelve days' passage over the Atlantic, with all means to annihilate distance, one thinks its three thousand or more tedious miles have been partly done away with; but I can assure you they are all there. When we have travelled a thousand miles east and find we are nowhere in particular, but realize we are still pitching about on an uneasy sea, with an unconstant sky, and that a thousand miles more will not make any perceptible change, we begin to have some conception of an unconquerable sea. I can never listen with quite the same satisfaction to the songs about the sea, "Life on the Ocean Wave," "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" without thinking of its inability to stand still for one brief second. The narrow berth plays shuffle-board with your anatomy all night long. You walk up-hill to your "zimmer," and upon arriving there, discover that your stateroom is at the bottom of the hill, and to open the door is equivalent to opening a trap-door. You attempt to sit down, find you are sitting up, and in promenading the deck (more than two squares long), you discover everybody who is not shooting to his stateroom, is reaching out blindly for the guard-rail, and is walking on a slant, as though a heavy wind were blowing; the propeller is out of the water more than

under, making with its many revolutions more terrific noise than the cannonading of heavy artillery. Then if you are fortunate enough to look at food, have your plate, glass, knife, and fork in a rack, and consider yourself in great luck if your soup is not in the lap of your best gown, which was made with a view of enduring the entire trip.

How novel it all is for the first week; after that, you wish the band would play a greater distance from your stateroom. The freaks that aroused your keenest interest at first promenading the deck bareheaded, when you were shivering under the largest steamer rug you could buy, tire you. Even the celebrities on board, who have so charmingly entertained you with their wit and music, cease to attract your attention. Not even our Poultney Bigelow (who is certainly great in his own mind) could amuse. Nor is "Barnaby," of the famous "Ideal Quartette," as interesting as he once was. The Polish Jew is now the most persistent in his call for aid for a family of paupers from his native land whom Uncle Sam fails to receive into his bosom and returns right side up with care. Even the waltz with the fat "Deutsch" captain fails to amuse; only the taking of the ship's log, which promises you soon a view of the ever welcome sight of land, interests you. We passed the Scilly Islands, with their menacing, grim rocks, late in the evening of the 24th, the first sign, for twelve long days, that some human friend was watching and waiting for

us. No more welcome sound than the scream of the seagull; no lovelier sight will we see abroad, than the little English village, Plymouth, nestled at the edge of the sea,—the luxuriant green bluff and red and white sails which fleck the deep blue sea, together with thousands of white seagulls who came out to meet us and escort us in. Having at last set foot on terra firma, we certainly have a more profound respect for the grand old ocean. The sunset on July 25th tried to make a lasting impression on us; for it was certainly a most beautiful symphony in rose, gold and sea-foam green, with all the indescribable tints that the blendings of these three gorgeous colors could produce. How I would like to have painted her wonderful color, which the sun dashed upon her sparkling surface! The young moon, lying in the lap of the old one, superintended the beautiful sunset, thinking, no doubt, how soon she would quiet these splendid hues into a silvery sleep, as Wordsworth so perfectly phrases it:

"This sea that bares her bosom to the moon."

Nothing more clearly shows than extensive travel that humanity in every clime is made with one nature. We are so cogently convinced of being warmed and cooled by the same sun; grunting and sweating under every pulsation of the sun and air, and are truly "bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh." How readily we adapt ourselves to her

every humor. That nature shows a particular partiality for man, seems evident from the fact that he is the only animal who can survive and subsist in all the moods of all her climates.

CHAPTER II

E were dropped at Cuxhaven on July 26th, and from here a train carried us to Hamburg, arriving on the morning of the 26th of July. With the name of Hamburg, the idea of seaport is associated ; and one can see at its harbor a forest of masts, but is greatly astonished when he learns the sea is one hundred kilometres distant. In fact, the grandeur of our New York harbor is never so emphasized as when you realize that the large ocean liners that can lie at her very door are unable to enter European harbors. Little tenders carry all passengers to and fro. The Elbe between Hamburg and Cuxhaven is in reality an artificially constructed inlet of the sea, formed by vast dykes, and filled by the mighty waters of the Elbe, driving back the sea itself. The tide, however, brings no sea water to Hamburg; it only holds back the waters of the Elbe, making its effect felt thirty-six kilometres beyond the seaport. It is hard to understand why

this German city is such a wonderful shipping point, until you are told that the Hamburg dock possesses the invaluable advantage of being at all times accessible for ocean steamers, an advantage that is wanting in most seaports, such as Antwerp, London, Liverpool, etc. They consist of a so-called "tide-havens," in contradistinction to "dock-havens." We will now traverse an old country but a new empire; for the Germany of to-day measures its existence by comparatively few decades. Our Civil War was a thing of the past before German unity was an accomplished fact.

Our introduction into Germany was certainly a satisfactory one. We were surprised to find, upon our arrival the first evening, that it was daylight until 9.30 o'clock and twilight after 10 o'clock; in fact, one could read the paper at that time; daylight again at 3 A.M. The night seemed delayed and dawn hastened, thus robbing the night of some hours at each end. It began to be a serious question as to when Morpheus would operate, but we found upon awakening next morning it was 12 M. (midday), not interfering in the least with our slumbers. What a scene of beauty greeted us upon looking out of the window! A beautiful lake, miles long, running right through the centre of the city; graceful swans by the hundreds gliding over its azure depths; fairy launches here, there, and everywhere. The eye rests on beauty—beauty. Pavilions dot its borders, where the happy German and his family are drinking

their beer and listening to the music (which is always good in Germany); thoroughly enjoying themselves in their characteristic way, so enviable. The city possesses beautiful streets and picturesque squares; its beauty is greatly enhanced by two artificially constructed lakes called the outer and inner Alster,—"Aussen Alster," "Binnen Alster,"—the boulevard, as we would say, but known there as the "Jungfernstieg," is one of the most beautiful promenades in all Europe. Most of the important buildings, monuments, and attractive coffee houses cluster around the "Inner Alster." The landscape beauty of Hamburg is beyond description. "Schöne Aussicht" greets you in bold letters everywhere you glance, to remind you if you are careless and indifferent to their beauty. Usually four rows of lindens will run the entire length of the streets; drives through the residence portion are quite unlike those of our American cities. The exclusiveness of their homes is a distinct feature. They are hidden almost from view by dense but highly cultivated foliage. Flowers are in greatest profusion about every home, from the palace to the peasant's home at Cuxhaven. The dogs pulling the milk wagons through the streets, the women carrying their wares and green stuffs on their shoulders, suspended in baskets from wooden sticks, reminds one that he is not in an American city, which for the moment is forgotten in their more modern haunts. There is simply a wilderness of foliage in this city; they give

it constant care. Their slavish attention along all artistic lines proves that the German, while he sips his beer and cannot reverse in the waltz or dance the two-step, does not lose his love for art; and the high state of its development here shows him to be above the average American in his merciless greed for wealth.

After a day and night at Nienburg (the birthplace of George W. Spilker), we took the " Schnell Zug " for Berlin, making a short stop-over at Hanover. We were agreeably surprised in their railway systems. While there is considerably more jostle than on one of our good trains, there is a degree of comfort enjoyed in second-class travel that is in some ways superior to our first-class. We ran about fifty-seven miles an hour, a whole compartment to ourselves; remarking it " was the pleasantest long ride that we had ever taken on a railroad train."

CHAPTER III

E are in Berlin, magnificent Berlin: what can I say for it? better, what can't I say for it? It seems to be a city where all requirements are met and filled; nothing being left undone that would gratify the taste of the most critical connoisseur. Here we see the best in art; royalty, your next-door neighbor, keeping a respectful distance, however. Beauty everywhere, stores laden with the choicest wares (reasonable, too), more soldiers than you could ever possibly look at; at every turn, nook, and corner, one of these uniform knights bobs up in sight; and wherever you read the word "Verboden" it means exactly that, and you quietly acquiesce. If it were not for some of these little differences you could scarcely realize you were anywhere else but in an American city. Berlin, like Paris and London, knows no night, as social evil is equally as great here as in these two other great cities. They

are lax in their treatment of these night prowlers. You can't help but think that its splendor will soon equal that of Rome, and its licentiousness not far behind. At the close of the Thirty Years' War, 1648, Berlin had only a few hundred inhabitants. It is now one of the world's great cities. The phenomenal rise of Prussia and its predominance in German affairs gave to its leading city immense influence and remarkable prosperity, Prussia making herself the leader of the movement that finally welded together the twenty-six states now constituting the German Empire, with the Prussian King as Kaiser. It is essentially modern, and, despite the disadvantages of its location, is without doubt one of the handsomest cities of Europe. Notable among its many fine buildings are the Royal Palace and that of the Emperor and Crown Prince, and the Royal Library, containing a million volumes. We visited the winter and summer homes (palaces) of the present king and queen, the Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, and the palace of Frederick the Great at Potsdam. We passed through the park, Sans Souci, with its great fountain, around whose basin stand eight marble figures, of which the Venus (Pigalle) is the most beautiful. Straight ahead we ascended a broad flight of steps, sixty-six feet high, broken by six terraces, edged by the most beautiful roses extending their vast length, then by the graves of Frederick the Great's dogs. The Emperor himself wished to be buried here, that he might truly

be sans souci. We now enter the palace of Sans Souci, consisting of only one story. The rooms are in the same order as Frederick left them. The most interesting apartment throughout was the room of Voltaire, with its curious wood-carving and painted walls, designed by Frederick to represent the character of the French—the peacock typifying his vanity, the ape his mimicry, the parrot his garrulity. The great infidel visited and died here, where he taught the king French, and at one time criticising the king's efforts at bookmaking so severely that he was held in great disfavor by Frederick. We had an extra privilege in the new palace, the summer home of the present Emperor, he being absent on a visit to some of his fifty or more palaces. We were allowed entrée, the palace being closed to visitors from May till November. It contains two hundred apartments, the Imperial family residing in the north wing. The Shell salon is most beautiful, its entire ceiling and walls decorated with gorgeous shells and precious stones—souvenirs brought back by William II. from his travels. Some of the amethysts and topazes are as large as huge blocks of coal.

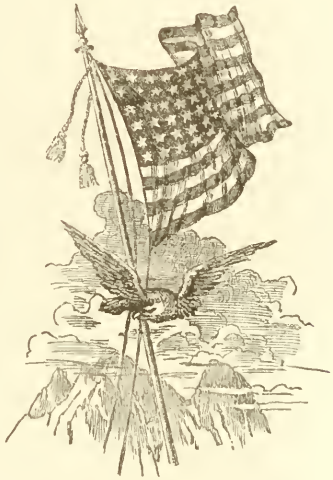
We listened to Sousa play at the Royal Garden (for one mark). This is a bewilderingly beautiful spot, lying adjacent to the Tier gardens, so enchanting in the twilight. As we came down the Grand Boulevard (which runs the full length of this wilderness of beauty), we saw groups (very close

together) of the most illustrious statuary in pure white marble, standing the entire length of the wooded bouvelard, like silent sentinels keeping watch over this beautiful domain. Some of these were not yet unveiled. All of them were the gift of the Kaiser. While lingering in this enchanted spot, sipping wine and listening to Sousa playing his inimitable " Washington Post," we met at the same table a gentleman who spoke good English—the very first we had heard since we left home. We found him to be a celebrated musician, the head of the Conservatory of Music, and he had been fifteen years with Theodore Thomas in Cincinnati. He thoroughly enjoyed Sousa, and said " the Germans were perfectly delighted with Sousa's rendition of Wagner." What greater compliment could he expect?—their loved Wagner. We conjectured a great deal on why Berlin should be so great a city, lying away in the interior of the Empire, with no waterways ; and why it should be selected as the nucleus of the modern world of art, with its grand institutions of learning, and constantly changing collections of all that is truly new and admirable. One finds here the most varied products of industrial art, such as bronze, brasswork, glass, porcelain, etchings, lithographs, and carbon prints, side by side with the most costly productions of modern art. If one only had the time, they would have but to walk in some of the large salons, where in rapid succession appear the works of both native

and foreign artists, where they can be enjoyed at one's ease. "Unter den Linden," with its double rows of lime trees forming a fine avenue, is the finest street in Berlin. We were domiciled at the corner of "Unter den Linden and Friedrich Strasse." Around this street great numbers of celebrated buildings are erected, from the close of the seventeenth century up to the present, including the School of Arts and Sciences, royal stables, universities and palaces of Kaiser Wilhelm I; the old Museum, a beautiful building in Greek style, all abounding in collections of choice antiques, art, in the way of frescos, bronzes, gems, vases, pictures, stationery, and everything on earth to delight the eye of the connoisseur as well as to tire it; so that royalty and its environs lose half their interest when forced to gorge oneself day in and day out. To say that every school of art on earth, from early Italian to Dutch, Flemish, on down to modern art, is represented in a marked degree of excellence, would be putting it mildly. We were taken by the gentleman we met in the Royal Garden, after the concert, to the "Kaiser Keller," the well-known Delmonico or Sherry of Berlin. The edifice calls for the admiration of all. "The Keller" is the corporation of an idea which has floated in Schönner's fancy for many years. It is the expression in stone, iron, and wood of "Hauff's Phantasy" in Brerner Raths Keller. The happy manner in which the architect has managed to clothe his conception ren-

ders a walk through the vault and its rooms (and a stop-over for a drink) very attractive.

For a few days we turn our heads away from the glitter and display of royalty, to drink of the famous Wiesbaden waters and rest our eyes, for a time at least. In Germany the average American, who rests so securely under his time-honored banner, the Stars and Stripes, enjoying all the comforts of modern civilization, cares very little about Germany's standing army or navy; for he feels sure that Uncle Sam can, with a week's notice or less, summon to his command an army or navy that could lick any army they could encounter, or sink any foreign fleet they decided upon. This large army of troops, ever in evidence, seems to be as much in earnest as though the enemy lay in camp about them. We see a little less of the military pomp and trappings in Wiesbaden than Berlin, but every few steps stands a soldier by the gaudy portal of his miniature home.



CHAPTER IV

WIESBADEN, admittedly the queen of Continental spas, is a dream of a town of over 80,000 inhabitants, lying in a sheltered valley on the southern slope of the Taunus Range. It creeps along the spurs of the surrounding hill to within one half-hour's distance of the Rhine. These hills are densely wooded, a veritable wilderness, traversed by the most romantic walks and paths. The woods are so dense—apparently all young trees

(by the size only I judge)—that not an inch of the blue canopy could be seen at any step of the walk; thus sheltering this delightful watering-place from the bleak winds of the north and east, consequently affording a climate so mild that the chestnut, almond, and magnolia, and other of like trees flourish in the open air, the temperature never reaching zero in their bleakest winters. It is attractive in every way. Its "Kurhaus," with its Ionic columns and great flower gardens, looks across to the "Friedrichsplatz," connected by the old and new colonnades. Here is the scene of constant merriment afternoon and evening; grand music, Sousa occupying the grand-stand the week prior to our arrival. We attended one of the midsummer fête balls in this grand "Kurhaus," which is conducted very differently from our American Assembly balls. There are in all three or four beautiful dance halls, gigantic in size and glorious in appointment. The German band, in the intermissions, leads the entire assemblage from room to room (all connected by arches) in the grand march, where they simply proceed with the dance as they left off. Several Americans, dancing the glide waltz and two-step, were frequently applauded.

On the south side of the new colonnade rises the Royal Court Theatre, a handsome pile, with its rich boroque interior, where nothing but grand opera is played. From here we made a side trip to Frankfort-on-Main to hear "Tannhäuser."

The Wiesbaden Springs have been known from Roman times. The waters are drunk mostly from Kochbrunnen Spring, which supplies the immense "Drink Halle." After consulting an eminent specialist, we found three glasses were the most taken per day; telling us to drink but one. This half-way disgusted us, who had been accustomed to ten or twelve pints per day. Then, too, to find it was specially beneficial for aged people, we became less impressed. Our environs were so charming here, that we lingered longer than at any place in the province. One delightful day was spent at Mainz, where we drove in a carry-all with a charming company. The conveyance, which held eleven persons, represented five nationalities—a Russian and his wife; the ex-President of the Argentine Republic, South America, with his wife and daughter (French and Spanish); an Englishman; several Germans, and ourselves. The daughter was one of the most exquisite pieces of femininity, both as to manner and dress, that it is your privilege to meet; her father, having served as minister to both Chili and Peru, possessed vast wealth; they were able to give us many ideas of South America's importance, both socially and financially. They were equally proud to say they were Americans.

We witnessed what we would probably term an "Imperial Review," Kaiser Wilhelm reviewing a grand body of cavalry and artillery at Mainz-on-the-Rhine. From the frequency of these affairs, you

would think the Emperor has no idea of peaceful intentions at any time. This review came off in the morning. The troops were pouring in by the thousands when we arrived. Train-loads of soldiers and horses. All Germany must have been there that day. All roads leading to the training ground were filled with pedestrians and carriages,—many royal personages. The big hollow square was a noble ground, of level greensward, perhaps a mile square, hedged about by one of those beautiful dense woods. It was bordered by thousands of people in their holiday attire, which always adds to the charm. The whole was a brilliant spectacle. Your attention was divided between the place where the Imperial party stood, the central attraction of the group being the Emperor on a gray horse, backed by his gay and glittering guard, with their banners and insignia—as brave a show as chivalry ever made—and the field of green with its long lines in martial array. Every variety of splendid uniform; their love of gay and dazzling combinations, combined with their shining brass and gleaming steel, and, last but not least, their magnificent horses of war, made it a splendid sight. These regiments of black, gray, and bay lined up to a straight line in the review before his Majesty with the graceful precision that was not surpassed by the best-drilled old veterans. Over it all was one of those beautiful German skies—the sun hidden, and just an atmospheric condition to make it restful and interesting to the artist. I

understand now much better why the artist longs for a German sky, and the benefits derived from fellowship with those of similar tastes and feelings. The Emperor kept changing horses, so as not to be exactly located. A few days before King Humbert of Italy had been assassinated, hence his extra precaution. The manœuvrings were such as to stir the blood of the least sanguine. A regiment, full front, perfectly drilled, would charge down on a dead run from the far field, men shouting, sabres flashing, horses prancing, toward the Imperial party, then they would gallop off and disappear in the woods to scout the enemy. Others galloping take their places, some coming up the centre, while their predecessors filed down the sides, so that the whole field in one minute was a moving mass of splendid color and glistening steel; the next, all drawn up in precise lines, so that it was a constant wonder how they could bring order out of such confusion. This display was followed by flying artillery; battalion after battalion came clattering by, stretching over the large field. The great guns kept up a repeated discharging during the sham battle, which waked all the surrounding country with echoes. The great advantage of smokeless powder was here demonstrated. What seemed to us a hundred thousand soldiers was said to have been only thirty thousand. Then followed the rush of the people and vehicles to see the royal party, pushing and smashing and tiptoeing, driving at full speed as though there were

no crowd, each trying to get into position to see the Emperor and his guard ride by. It was minus any Yankee Doodle cheering. We were absolutely too close to the Emperor to take a snap-shot, as it proved.

CHAPTER V

THE RHINE

THIS beautiful and wonderful river, the cause of much contention and many songs, was less than one half-hour's ride. Who has not talked and lectured with stereopticon views on the Rhine the past winter? Every woman's club has at least from two to five to give guide-book descriptions, and expects their fair listeners to believe that in the few hours passing down this stream in a "schnell Dampfschiffahrt" they are able to tell all its history. We were near enough to this noble stream to enjoy it many times, but there was one of our trips more notable than others. We had taken rate tickets to Coblenz to see its grand monument and other points of interest. Those who are able to travel up-stream, as it was our good fortune many times to do, per-

haps had a better opportunity to enjoy the varied and romantic scenery which comes into view at every turn in the river. We had gone to Coblenz for the day, but the trip was perverted and twisted to mean anything by a busybody who could not lay aside her gossip long enough to enjoy the few hours she was fortunate enough to be on this noble stream. In after years what a loss to her when she misplaces her guide-book, and her little mind fails to remember one thing she saw! Rhenish castles lost their charm as she devoured two people who happened to be on the same boat because they had a right to be there, and could afford to enjoy this privilege. But the Rhine! We have all seen pictures of it and read its legends. You know that the Rhenish province is the richest in Germany, and it is to Germany what the Nile was to the Egyptians—a real delight and a theme of song and story. They say over there, "Our Rhine is like your Hudson." Don't think so. I am living near the banks of the latter and have gone its length many times, but it reminded me often of the canyons of Colorado in this way: it winds among the craggy hills of splendid form, turning so abruptly as to leave you often shut in, with no visible outlet from the wall of rock and vineyards. The castles were gazed upon, with their ruins, some with feudal towers and battlements still perfect, and hanging on the crags, or standing sharp against the sky, or nestling by the stream. The most beautiful one to me is Burg Rheinstein. I don't know whether

it is admired because of its claim that Cæsar crossed here or a couple of miles upstream, or that it was the birthplace of some feudal baron; it is probably

better known for the fine brand of wine made there. Whether its vine-clad hills resemble a crazy-quilt or not, with its many shades of green fastened

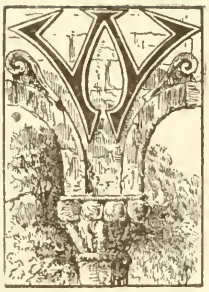
together with stone-wall terraces one way, and joined together with sticks like bean-poles another way, it is satisfying, and you 've seen the Rhine, and you can lord it over some by saying, "When we were on the Rhine." In some respects it resembles our own New York. The mercenary wretches you encounter at every point sort of make one forget about its legendary reputation.

Like all Continental Europe a mercenary atmosphere is omnipresent. You have to buy all your views. The national monument at Rhüdesheim-on-the-Rhine is one of its most interesting spots, just opposite Bingen-on-the-Rhine. This grand monument commands a view of about ninety miles on a clear day in this part of Germany. There is an inclined railway to it from the village below; but we took a carriage, driving up its steep hillside, with the vineyards stretching away in rows for miles on either side. The little houses clinging to the hillsides are quaint and queer. As we wended our way through the little village, they seemed jammed into the crevices between the steep hills. The streets are all cobble-stoned, and, as we clattered up them, above the clatter of the horses' feet we could hear the bells ring loudly for matins, the sound reverberating in the narrow way, and following us with its benediction when we were far up the hillside. A splendid forest of trees covered the hilltop, not trimmed and cut into allées of arches, as we too frequently see on this side of the Atlantic.

Sometimes one feels that the castles come so thick that our appreciation would have been greater if they had been fewer. A shifting panorama of vine-clad hills or mountains, with here and there an old feudal tower. About the only variation is in the English people you are meeting at every turn. The variety seems almost infinite, but they all impress you as a people with no nonsense and very strong individuality, and whatever information they give you you can rely upon it, " don cher know ! " The American impatience is manifested everywhere —first on boats and trains and first off. You can bet on them every time. The New York " step lively " gait.

What shall we do? This was the question as we sat in a most delicious place in " Kur " Garden in one of those cozy nooks overlooking extensive grounds under grand old trees (no mosquitoes), listening to the band playing in its gilded bower, and surrounded by the choicest art, which for the time being paled the moon which was rising in the same regal splendor that characterizes her on the western hemisphere. Shall we continue our daily walks through winding ways up terraced hills, flanked by splendid masonry and hidden in trees, and palaces as a rich façade for a background? Here the field sports were being indulged in by great numbers. Shall we sit here and dream in floods of golden sunlight, or shall we proceed to Munich by way of Nürnberg?

CHAPTER VI



E are on our way to Nürnberg next morning — one of the pleasant railroad rides of our tour — ever-changing pictures, from undulating stretches to rugged mountains; we had but to look pleasantly at the conductor and accompany the billet with a mark—that meant that we could probably have the entire carriage to ourselves for the long ride. Thus it proved. Amid cushions and books we spent another delightful day, so that we were ready and in earnest after our delightful rest at Wiesbaden for sight-seeing. The advantage a trip has with neither laid-out plans nor places to make within a limited number of days or hours, was clearly shown to us. We never knew where we were going, and seldom went where we set forth. Nürnberg is such an exceedingly interesting town that most tourists you meet say, " Don't miss Nürnberg." Why it is such

a city was the question. All we could find out that they did there to make it such a busy centre, was the manufacture of toys and fancy articles.

Nürnberg is characteristically South German, and the quaintest town in the Empire. In order to preserve that unity of mediæval aspect for which it is remarkable, the municipal surveyors insist on all new erections being designed in keeping with the older structures. Through the centre of the town flows the many-bridged Pegnitz. Here are old bridges, obelisks, and memorials of triumphal entries of conquerors and princes. Around the older district runs a well-preserved wall, with nearly fourscore towers. We visited the old castle standing on the hill overlooking the old town, and saw the "Deutsche Mädchen" drop the water in the deep, deep well that takes six seconds to reach the bottom, by actual count. Here soldiers had to come a half-mile underground for their drinking-water. We gazed on the house in which Albrecht Dürer lived; this still possesses many interesting relics of that great German artist. We noticed the "Rathaus," whose interior contains a considerable quantity of mediæval German work, including specimens of Dürer. A relief facing "Rathaus" is considered the finest of Krafft's works; the interior contains some painted glass by Hirschvogel, and Peter Vischer's masterpiece, the Sebaldus tomb. One more thing—St. Lorenzkirche—a beautiful Gothic, dating back to the thirteenth century; the most striking points of

the exterior are the western façade and its porch, with a splendid rose window above it. It contains magnificent stained-glass works of art, from the fifteenth to the sixteenth centuries, including the so-called pyramid, designed and executed by Adam Krafft, the most exquisite thing I ever saw; and a candelabra by Peter Vischer. I insisted upon lingering in this artistic atmosphere of the fifteenth century, but my constant companion balked, saying, " It might be an artistic atmosphere to some, but it was a nasty, musty old one to him."

These old Gothic builders let their fancy riot in grotesque figures of animals, saints, and imps. Saints and angels and monkeys climb over one portal of the Cathedral. From the ground to the top is one mass of rich stonework, the creation of genius that hundreds of years ago knew no other way to write its poems than with the chisel. This city is a " has-beener," no " is-er." It lives upon the memory of what it has been, and trades upon relics of its former fame. What it ever would have been without Albrecht Dürer, and Adam Krafft the stone mason, and Peter Vischer the bronze-worker, and Viet Stoss the wood-carver, and Hans Sachs the shoemaker and poet-minstrel it is difficult to say. Truly their works live after them, their statues are set up in the streets, their works in almost every church and city building. Pictures and groups in stone and wood and all sorts of carving are reproduced in all shop windows for sale. The city is

full of their memories, and the business of the city, aside from its manufactory of endless toys, seems to consist in reproducing them and their endless works to sell to strangers. Nürnberg lives in the past, and (like some people we know) traffics on its ancient reputation. At the fish market we see odd old women with Rembrandt colors in faces and costumes. During our drive through crooked, narrow streets, with houses overhanging and thrusting out gables, we saw many with quaint carvings and odd little windows above, with panes of glass—hexagons—resembling sections of honeycomb; with stairs on the outside, and stone floors in the upper passages; others with dozens of dormer windows, hanging balconies of stone (carved and figure-beset) and no end of queer rooms.

While we strayed about this strange city, the chimes from lofty towers fell down. What history crowds upon us, portions of it as old as the tenth century !

CHAPTER VII

WHAT next! A glass of good Münchner beer, and away we go to Munich on the "Schnell Zug" (fast train), over a rolling, pleasant country, past pretty railway stations covered with vines and gay with flowers, as all German windows are ; past switchmen in flaming scarlet jackets, who stand at the switches, raising their hand to their temple in a military salute as we go by. As you travel by rail through Bavaria you see the conductors and guards dismount from the train at the little country stations to replenish their mugs. Beer takes the place of water. When you arrive at Munich, pre-eminently the beer capital of the world, the porters set their mugs down on the platforms anywhere to solicit your custom. The ever-present stein stands beside the cab-wheel. Next to London, Paris, and Berlin, Munich is visited by more travellers than any other European city.

Gradually this influence has modernized it, but there still remain sufficient of the old Bavarian curiosities of life to entertain and instruct the travelled worldling. Nobody here thinks of doing anything without an accompaniment of beer. It is always in order: before breakfast, after dinner, the inevitable nightcap. The youngsters sit at table and sip it when they are too young to leave their mothers' laps. We have listened to loud yelps go up over the contention for the stein between babies; still they are not a nation of drunkards. The law prescribes how much beer you shall give your servants daily. Thank fortune, it has no power to regulate the appetite of the private consumer. You sweeten all chores, whether to chop wood, shovel coal, or chaperon a party to an art gallery, with a glass or stein of beer. Strange as it seems here, where art has attained its highest, the consumption of beer seems to be the prime business. One of the curious decorations of Munich streets is its mugs and bottles; some full, some empty, hem one in on all sides. They are left indifferently by the owners, but none are ever stolen. The cardinal command for every Bavarian is, "You shall not steal my beer." It is a panacea, food, and drink. If you don't drink beer at all, the Bavarian does not think you are merely odd, but he thinks you are in danger in mind and body.

Munich was rebuilt after the great fire, and extended by Emperor Ludwig, the Bavarian. Indeed,

the rulers of Bavaria have spared neither pains nor expense to make their capital beautiful and attractive. Artistic buildings and monuments are distributed everywhere. The " Propylæn," a magnificent gateway across the handsome " Brienner Strasse," is an imitation of that on the Acropolis at Athens, with its Doric columns on the outside and Ionic within; the pediment groups are scenes in modern Greek history. Wherever you go, through churches, palaces, galleries, streets, parks, and gardens, you find frescoes so crowded out of the way, and rooms so overloaded with statuary and pictures, all so good, as to sacrifice all effect. Such overproduction as this gives one the feeling that art has been forced beyond use in Munich. But when you consider the army of artists there in the way of painters, sculptors, and plasterers, working with that great unrest and desire to do something, it is no wonder that everything is painted and bedecked; seemingly determined to leave nothing for the sweet growth and blossoming of time. It is the cheapest thing in the world to criticise when you are filled with their foaming beer (three and a half cents a quart), which is said by antiquarians to be a good deal better than the mead drunk in Odin's Halls; then view the city in a cheerful, open light, cram-jam full of works of art, ancient and modern, and its architecture a study of all styles. The long, wide " Ludwig Strasse " is a street of palaces, built up by the old king. All the buildings, in Romanesque style, are, in a degree, mo-

notonous. A street with no pretty shop windows, neither shade nor fountain, leading nowhere, never attracts, no matter how many kings dictated it.

It has so much that could be criticised, but should not be, by a passing tourist, if he is a little wearied by repetition. Munich seems to be the home of the dove; a regular colony is domesticated in the decorations on the façades of the buildings; they, too, seem seized with the decorative spirit. My companion differed with me again, when I thought it added to the artistic interest; the fact that they were doves seemed to make no difference, " Would n't want them ruining a home of mine."

The royal palace is a building of great solidity, but plain. The Emperor's room contains valuable jewels and precious stones, including a large blue diamond called the " Hausdiamant," and the " Palatinate Pearl "; an interesting relic of Mary Stuart; also a work ascribed to Michael Angelo. After you make an effort to see these things, with slippers drawn over your shoes to protect their highly polished floor, you are easily satiated. A visit to our own Tiffany is much more to our taste, with the musty smell and sliding feet barred out. The palace, built in late Renaissance style, has its main façade toward the Hof Garden. In a suite of six rooms, strikingly frescoed, representing scenes from the " Odyssee," are reliefs by Schwanthaler; portraits of thirty-six beautiful women are in the banquet hall, with forty-one paintings of various battles. Its

throne-room contains twelve large gilded statues by Schwanthaler. The Royal Chapel is built in Byzantine style (1837). North of this is the Hof Garden, a beautiful square whose two sides have arcades, decorated with frescoes by Kaulbach, Rottmann, and others. Attached to it are the premises of the Art Union, containing a permanent exhibition of work of leading masters. To the west lies the "Odeonplatz," embellished with an equestrian statue of King Ludwig I. Opposite the Palace rises the handsome "Theatiner Kirche," in Italian baroque style (1675 A.D.), with all its portals bestatued and bedecked. The palace of Duke Max has a porch embellished with statues of the four Evangelists, by Schwanthaler. It contains celebrated frescoes of the "Day of Judgment," the most important of Cornelius's pictures. Cornelius is of the "Düsseldorf" school, a rival of the Munich schools.

It seems strange to see these same people, with their steins in hand and abdomens much in evidence, enjoying these gems of art—largely Biblical subjects—and the most classic music. A seat under the trees, with open arcades on two sides for shops, decorated with frescoes and landscapes of historical subjects, is more interesting. The arcade is eight hundred feet long, in the revived Italian style, with a fine Ionic porch, and good Münchener beer to order. The color was not a pleasing one to me, as it was the royal dirty yellow, an imitation,

not fully carried out, of the Pitti Palace at Florence, so I have heard. They try hard to imitate the classic and Italian in Munich. They boast that their Royal Court Chapel's interior resembles St. Mark's in Venice; but the building needs southern sunlight to get the right quality. The "Glyptothek," a Grecian structure of one story, erected to hold the treasures of classic sculpture that the extravagant Bavarian kings have collected, has a beautiful Ionic porch and pediment. The outside niches are filled with statues. In the pure sunshine and under a deep blue sky its white marble glows with an almost ethereal beauty. Don't think Munich is all imitation. Its finest street, the Maximilian, built by the late king of that name, is of a novel and wholly modern style of architecture, that reminds one of the new portions of Paris (the only part of Paris that we did see). It begins with the Post-Office, with its long colonnade and Pompeian-red lining; then the Hof Theatre, with its pediment frescoes, the largest opera house in Germany, and so on. Here we saw the opera, "Die Zauberflote," beginning at 6.30 summer evenings.

The English Garden must not be forgotten. This was laid out originally by the munificent American, Count Rumford (Benjamin Thompson), born in Vermont. Why this should be called English Garden, I don't know; perhaps because it is different from their Continental style. Paris has nothing to compare with it for natural beauty. We have our Central Park, New York. Wearied tourists generally go to

some of the huge beer gardens and surrender themselves to the divine influence of music, and watch the honest Germans drink beer and gossip in friendly fellowship.

I have referred before to the great regiments of soldiers mounted and on guard at all times in Germany. But nowhere outside of Berlin are they so thick as in Munich. This little kingdom of Bavaria is full of them. Thousands of troops are in line. Every male must serve three years continuously; every man between the age of twenty-one and forty-five must go with his regiment into camp or barracks several weeks each year, no matter if the harvest rots in the fields or the customers desert the shops, leaving the unsold wares on shelves. The service takes three of the best years of a young man's life. You can see young soldiers with their hot-looking uniforms, until you feel everybody is " soldiering " for a living. You meet these young officers everywhere, most of them fine-looking fellows—good figures—in what, I suppose, they think handsome-looking uniforms. On the street, salutes between officers and men are perpetual; the hand being raised to the temple and held there a second. Their politeness impresses you as much more sincere than the French. At hotels the landlord, wife, and servant join in wishing you a good night's sleep, while the " Deutsche Madchen ' Bitte schöne's ' " everything. The most polite I ever knew, with one exception, at Hotel Windsor in London: the maid there thanked

us for bringing us a pitcher of hot water. The young German is much more stylish and prepossessing in appearance than his fraulein. A young officer in his shining uniform, white kids, long sword clanking on the walk, raising his hand in a condescending salute to a lower in rank or with affable grace to a superior, is pleasant to see.

One always turns to the strains of the military band and views the mounted musicians, as well as the uniformed soldiers, mounted as if born to the saddle, with invariably fine horses that prance in the sunshine. The clatter of their hoofs on the cobble pavement, the jingle of bit and sabre, an occasional word of command, the onward sweep of the well-trained cavalcade, continued for so long a time that I turned to a gentleman on the sidewalk and said, "How many men are in line?" He shrugged his shoulders in that detestable fashion, an imitation of the French, I suppose. I then said, "Wie viel?" —"Zehn tausend." I then remarked, "What a foolish waste of time and money"; he no doubt would have responded to this if he could.

Their chief use (the soldiers), as far as I could see, was to make pageants in the streets and to furnish music for the public squares.

The Isar River is one of the curiosities of Munich. It is chiefly noted for running rapidly, and for being nowhere near the battlefield of Hohenlinden, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding. They say it is a river sometimes as white as milk, at others as

green as grass; and it is probably the only river of its size in the world that has no boats on it; nor may one bathe in it, on account of the swiftness of the current. Its principal use is for people to drown themselves in. They do use it, however, for the Isar is turned into this beautiful English Garden. Art takes hold of it and turns it to use, causing it to flow into more than one stream with its mountain impetuosity, forming lakes gracefully overhung with trees, which present ever-changing aspects of loveliness as you walk along its banks.

There are always idlers everywhere. Everybody has leisure in Europe. One can easily learn how to be idle and let the world wag. They are not troubled with "Americanitis." They have found out that the world will continue to turn over every twenty-four hours without their valuable aid. They give so many hours to recreation and amusement.

Munich has developed remarkably in commerce and art. As an industrial town it is celebrated principally for its enormous breweries. A German statistician—Germans seem to be mostly statisticians—has recently calculated that the tramways of Munich get two thirds of their income in conveying people to the cafés from their homes and places of business. Once a Münchener finds a café to his taste, he goes there the rest of his life, and is followed by his progeny, no matter how inconvenient or how far distant. The women spend afternoons in their favorite cafés,

taking off their wraps and bonnets and doing a little knitting or crocheting. This industry is indulged in even on the Sabbath. Here we see peasant women mere beasts of burden, carrying great loads of wood on their backs up stairways, and doing all kinds of the heaviest menial service. Woman and her status is really the most interesting study in all Bavaria.

But the short time one has there, he can only note the most striking things. Dogs come in, in importance—regular summer dogs, so long that one chills while they pass in and out of doorways. Dogs everywhere, following after the street-cars, long trails of dogs, where owners are passengers. They seem a little lower than the children and a little higher than woman; but Munich, like the rest of the world, is changing. "Americanisiert," they say, but there are still a few places which retain many old forms and customs and curious sights. Munich attempts to be an architectural reproduction of classic times. In order to achieve any success in this directon it is necessary

to have the blue heavens and golden sunshine of Greece. Its prevailing color is gray, but its many-tinted and frescoed fronts go far to relieve this cheerless aspect. The old portion of the city has some remains of other days of splendor, as it abounds in archways and rambling alleys, that suddenly become broad streets, then contract again; portions of old wall and city gates, old feudal towers standing in the market-place, still remain. But the Munich of to-day is as if built to order. King Ludwig I.'s flower-wreathed bust stands in these days to remind them that he gave the impulse for all this. The new city is laid out on a magnificent scale of distances, with wide streets, fine open squares, and plenty of room for gardens and art.

CHAPTER VIII

BER-AMMERGAU and the great Passion Play have been much talked about. Ministers, priests, and laymen have discoursed and "stereopticoned" this wonderful play, to say nothing of the graphic descriptions of the mighty army of club-women fortunate enough to be an eye-witness to this great event. It has been so much better told and illustrated, I hesitate to make my poor effort, but more to preserve it in my memory as a little keepsake, cherished most fondly, than to entertain others, I will review it.

"The story that transformed the world" has been told, sung, and reiterated throughout the length and breadth of Christendom; yet never has it been given in a way to so attract and convince, at the same time so far-reaching in its effects, as these simple-minded peasants were able to give it. The whole world has had a lesson far more valuable and lasting than the impressions made by generations

of broadcloth orators from high pulpits. If one ever had a conviction or the slightest spiritual awakening in his life, it is here that he is reminded of it, for in the vast daily audiences of over four thousand people sat not one inattentive listener. The grandest rendition of the greatest operas will fail to elicit the attention of some of their audiences; the most climaxing and superb oratory produces restlessness in some of its hearers; but the close attention of this vast audience, with never a whisper of applause, through the long hours from 8.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M., with one short hour for intermission, was never equalled. Why? Because they were listening to "the story that transformed the world," having come thousands of miles by land and sea, and braving every obstacle and discouragement to reach this place—the only place in all the world that seems adapted to it, or sacred enough to allow the enactment of such a tragedy. There was no sound in this large audience but the turning of the leaves as they closely followed the translation in English, the play being given in the purest German, only broken by an occasional blowing of the nose, so popular a method for men to relieve their surcharged tear-ducts, while the women, with no apparent desire for concealing their emotions, mopped their eyes incessantly. Upon our arrival we retired to our room, which was opposite the smoke-house and commanded ten marks per day, the highest price paid. I retired between two

immense feather beds, with my brain on fire and thoughts forcing themselves into my mind, rendering sleep impossible. How I wished for those I loved, whose perfect knowledge of the story was an every-day delight to their hearts. How selfish I felt with my privilege—sacred privilege! Doubtless thousands were there who had never heard this story before, not knowing whether Jacob was Joseph's father or Joseph Jacob's father. But they will never forget the lesson of that day. As we started on our trip to Ober-Ammergau we were filled with the thoughts of the great and only Passion Play, and found our daylight ride from Munich to Ober-Ammergau, through the German Alps, one panoramic view of loveliness. It is impossible to convey to you the charms of these Bavarian highlands, with crystal-clear trout streams, lovely woods of many tints, mountains of wild, weather-worn shape, and, above all, that deep blue sky overhanging the landscape. The mountains are clothed with fir trees,—fine old trees,—making a worthy background for an equally charming picture. The journey from Munich takes about three hours on a "Schnell Zug." With an unusually long train, we rise upwards into the mountains, passing two beautiful lakes on the way, "Wurm See" and "Staffel See." After the train left Murnau, we stood on rear platform watching our ascent, with an American, a gentleman much travelled, and truly capable of imparting any desired information. Such a person

always gives fresh impetus and appreciation. We here reach higher mountain scenery, up-grade all the way to Ober-Ammergau, with double-header engine. As you enter this sacred village, you can see the theatre off to the left, which stands in a meadow at the far end of the village; the stage is open to wind and weather, but this year for the first time all seats are covered. The new theatre was begun in 1899, the cost of which was borne by the burghers. It consists of six great arches of iron, with wooden coverings and roof, and is completely covered with canvas, colored yellow; saints and prophets are painted on the canvased walls. The seats are elevated to the rear, affording each one a good view. The performance goes on uninterruptedly, unless it rains so hard that nothing can be seen. On Passion Play day you have to rise early, as the play begins early in the morning, and the first half ends at 12 o'clock, with an hour for luncheon. It is resumed at 1.30 P.M. and closes at 5.30 P.M. The band parades the street at 6 o'clock in the morning, and at 7 the theatre begins to fill. You can walk from almost any part of the village to the theatre. Our early Sunday morning walk was along the bank of the swift, clear stream which rushes through its narrow banks over the meadow. The villagers can here be seen washing their dishes and their clothes in the stream. It was all a scene and sensation never to be forgotten. It is always cool up here; snow falls knee-deep

in October and stays on until May without thawing. You order your ticket for the play at the same time that you do your room. Every room in the village has a ticket allotted to it; the ticket is given according to the price paid for the room. You cannot purchase a ticket unless you take a room. It is necessary for you to remain in the village over night. The play beginning at 8 A.M. necessitates the stay in the village, which was certainly unique if one did n't favor sharing his boudoir with the cows. The rooms were three marks to ten marks. We had a ten-mark room, which entitled us to the best seat.

Ober-Ammergau is a beautiful little village, standing in a level valley of the Bavarian Alps, which made the trip here one of beauty; at no place did we enjoy the scenic beauty of the Alps more than on our ride to the "Linderhof" Palace, a delicious ride from Ober-Ammergau, the day before we witnessed the play. Through this village the Ammer runs—the swift Ammer river, clear as crystal. The population of Ober-Ammergau is not more than 1300. Everybody has a cow. It is the ideal to be realized —thirty acres and a cow. There are about six hundred cows in the village, who use the main street for the coming-home milking time. They all have bells, as well as the horses and sheep. These latter are so far outnumbered that they are not noticed. The presentation of the Passion Play is arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures,

with only one object in view—the edification of the Christian world. "Instead of setting forth the Gospel story as it stands in the New Testament, they take as the fundamental idea the connection of the Passion, incident by incident, with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. The whole of the Old Testament is thus made, as it were, the massive pedestal for the Cross. The course of the narrative of the Passion Play is perpetually interrupted or illustrated by scenes from the older Bible, which are supposed to prefigure the next event to be represented on the stage. In order to explain the meaning of the typical tableaux and to prepare the audience for the scene which follows, recourse is had to an ingenious arrangement whereby the interludes between each scene are filled up with singing in parts and in chorus by a choir of guardian angels, the orchestra being concealed from view. Whenever the curtain falls, they resume their old places and the singing proceeds. It is a fine attempt at grand opera made by these peasant villagers; the music is very impressive, and the oftener you hear it the more you feel its force and pathos. Their costumes are very effective. In the centre of the stage, bright scarlet, with white undertunics with golden edging, yellow leather sandals, stockings same color as the robes which fall from their shoulders, held in place by gold cord and tassel; all wearing coronets with cross in centre, producing a brilliant effect. Twice are these brilliant robes exchanged for black,

immediately before and after the Crucifixion; the bright robes are resumed at the close, when the play closes with a burst of hallelujahs and a jubilant triumph over the Ascension of our Lord." As we walked away, still under the spell that holds one from start to finish, we sat down at one of the many little tables in front of the homes on the sidewalk to refresh ourselves. We fortunately were joined by an elegant gentleman, a German general, late from the Boer War. He was trying equally as hard to understand our crude German as we were his miserable English. He was as refreshing as the big stein of good Münchener beer which we, with thousands of others, were making disappear. We were in sight, all day long, of hundreds of priests in their clerical robes, who were equally enjoying the beer, as well as most of the players, who were anxious to quench their thirst after their long engagement.

To return to the villagers. They were washing their dishes in the stream that flows through village, having come down only a few steps from their homes. This river would seem like a branch, were it not for its swiftness. We could hardly be satisfied to think we could not drink from this clear mountain stream. It certainly is an ideal picture of an ideal village. The clean white walls of the houses with their green window-shutters could be seen grouped round the church, which, with its mosque-like minaret, forms the living centre of the place,

architecturally and morally the keystone of the arch. Seen at sunset or sunrise, the red-tiled roofs, quaint in shape, under the shade of the surrounding hills, is most beautiful. The homes of most of the players are also the homes of their cattle. The people occupy upper floors. We were at the foot of the lofty "Koful" Crag, where, high overhead, stood the white cross. In the irregular streets (for streets and sidewalks are one), can be seen Tyrolese mountaineers, strolling and laughing, in their picturesque costumes, who always bare their heads and remain so, until the bells, pealing forth the solemn angelus hours, cease. They seem to be more Swiss than German. They inhabit the mass of mountains which divides the flat lands of Germany from the plains of Italy, and are a fine species of the human race. They are an isolated little community, secured by its rocky ramparts against any intermeddling of distant governments, and are necessarily independent and live under a most simple but sound government. Nearly every man is a landholder, the poorest owning three acres; the richest, sixty acres.

THE VOW

As far back, it is said, as the twelfth century, there has been a Passion Play performed in the little village, but towards the close of the sixteenth century the wars that wasted Germany left but little time to the dwellers of these remote highlands for dramatic

representation. They played dreadful havoc with their homes and fortunes. Among these unfortunates were the Bavarians of the Tyrol, and as an after consequence of the wide-wasting Thirty Years' War, a great pestilence broke out in the villages surrounding Ober-Ammergau. Whole families were swept off. In one village two married couples were left alive; a visitation somewhat similar to our "Black Death." While village after village fell a prey to its ravages, the people of Ober-Ammergau remained untouched, and enforced a vigorous quarantine against all the outside world. As always happens, one person, Casper Schuchler, broke through the sanitary regulations. This good man, who was working in the plague-stricken village of Eschenlohe, felt an uncontrollable desire to return to his wife and children, who were living in Ober-Ammergau. The terrible retribution followed. In two days he was dead, and the plague, which he had brought with him, spread with such fatal haste from house to house that in thirty-three days eighty-four other villagers had perished, all sanitary measures having failed. Unless the plague were stayed, there would soon not be enough to bury the dead. They assembled to discuss their desperate plight. It was said, "It was as men looking into the hollow eye-sockets of death." They cried aloud to God, they would repent their sins, and in token of their penitence, and as a sign of gratitude for their deliverance, if they were delivered, they would every ten

years perform this Passion Play. From that hour it ceased; those who were already smitten with the plague recovered. There were no more victims of the pestilence. It is said that not since " Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness " has there been so signal a deliverance from mortal illness on such simple terms. Thus it was that the Passion Play became a fixed institution in Ober-Ammergau, and has been performed with few variations, due to wars, ever since. The performance of the Passion Play, like the angel with the drawn sword which stands at the summit of the castle of San Angelo, is the pious recognition of a miraculous interposition for the stay of the pestilence. But for Casper Schuchler it would have gone the way of all other Passion plays. He sinned and suffered, but out of his sin and sorrow has come the Passion Play, the one solitary survivor of what was at one time a great instrument of religious teaching almost throughout Europe. As we returned to the village in the quiet of the evening, we were awe-stricken by the perfectly blue, cloudless sky overreaching these sacred hills. The crowd of that day had departed; all was peace; the whole dramatic troupe were pursuing the even tenor of their ordinary lives. Most of the best players were wood-carvers, others peasants or local tradesmen, who were named Matthew, Luke, and John from their cradles, imitating the lives of these characters from their birth up. Their royal robes, or rabbinical costumes,

were laid aside, and they would go about their work as ordinary mortals. But what a revelation, when you consider the latent capacity — musical, dramatical, intellectual—that a single mountain village can furnish under capable guidance! Just think,—tinkers, tailors, bakers, and ploughmen being able to produce such a play! It proves mankind is not lacking in native capacity. With a guided, active brain, patient love, and careful education, and the stimulus and inspiration of a great idea, nothing seems impossible.

We were driven in "Ein Spänner" (one-horse carriage) to Linderhof Palace by a young Tyrolese, with a little chicken feather in his Alpine hat. Knowing that all villagers were going through the Passion Play, I asked why he was not there. He said " he was not born in Ober-Ammergau, therefore could not take part in the play." He said this in German, and seemed quite pleased that we could understand. On our return trip from Linderhof he pointed out Prince Leopold in his carriage, with advance-guard. The roadway was quite narrow at this place, so we took a good look at him. He was quite gray,—the successor of the mad King Ludwig. They gallantly raised their chapeaux, but we impolite Americans were so intense in our desire to see nobility, that we in turn forgot our breeding. All along the various waysides pious souls have erected shrines. The contours and outlines of those splendid mountains were as graceful as mobile waves: some rugged

and sharp crags hidden by the clouds—so high; others clearly defined in color against the sky. If there was anything inharmonious, the atmosphere—that friendly veil—toned all down into a repose of matchless beauty. The atmosphere here seems to act as a drapery, dipped in dyes of the gods. You can't account for the prismatic coloring, often seen but never told, by pen or pencil or brush; not just plain, simple, thin sunshine, but a royal profusion of a golden substance; a sort of transforming quality,—a vesture of splendor. Amidst this beauty rests the palace of the late mad king, which seems golden from the covering of the exterior to the exquisite golden interior. Even the waters of its fountains and lakes spraying through figures of gold. This palace, no larger than a metropolitan club-house, contains everything in the way of art that an abnormal imagination, backed by the coffers of a kingdom, could suggest and buy. The beautiful marble statue of the young king stands in front of the palace on a marble elevation, with a beautiful marble peristyle for a background. The ermine on the royal robe is so perfectly executed in marble as to cause a desire to run one's fingers through the fur of same.

"Schloss Linderhof" we have all possibly heard more about than the average castle. It shows the characteristic as well as wilful extravagance of their late king, Ludwig II., for whom it was erected. It is a fine edifice in rococo style. The interior

displays a magnificence of ornament and a wealth of color and gold which render it too ornate for the taste of some; but to me it was ideal, both as to size, decorations, and appointment.

The grotto is certainly worth mention. It is made in the side of a mountain, and the walk lies under a shaded arbor of continuous beauty. The entrance to the cave is one huge swinging rock, cut out of a mountainside, and hung on a pivot, so as to open and close itself. Within were the stalactites of the grotto, with their beautiful masses, out of which twinkled myriads of electric lights. On an artificial lake was an improvised stage with perfect appointments, where the King and his friends viewed the grand opera from his golden barge that Cleopatra could never have rivalled. Just outside of this grandeur, which no human soul inhabited, was a road-house, where the jolly mountaineers and tourists were eating and drinking, no doubt happier than the king and all his grandeur had ever been.

It is indeed a strange fate that seems to pursue King Leopold's family: one sensational climax after another; brought to death through violence in tragedies so unsavory that it has been found preferable to leave them enveloped with a veil of mystery. Surely a strange curse seems to rest upon the reigning house of Belgium. The curtain is constantly ringing down on Europe's royal life tragedies; dethroned, widowed by assassin, bereaved, and victims of all the fates and furies of Greek mythol-

ogy; and now Victoria, Empress Frederick of Germany. Surely there has been little of late in royal and imperial annals to inspire common people with envy of the exalted personages born to the purple, and certainly will cause nobody to long for a crown.

We have now seen the German Alps,—the best time to see them is before visiting Switzerland,—and still have the pleasure before us of the loveliness of the Swiss Alpine heights.

CHAPTER IX

SWITZERLAND

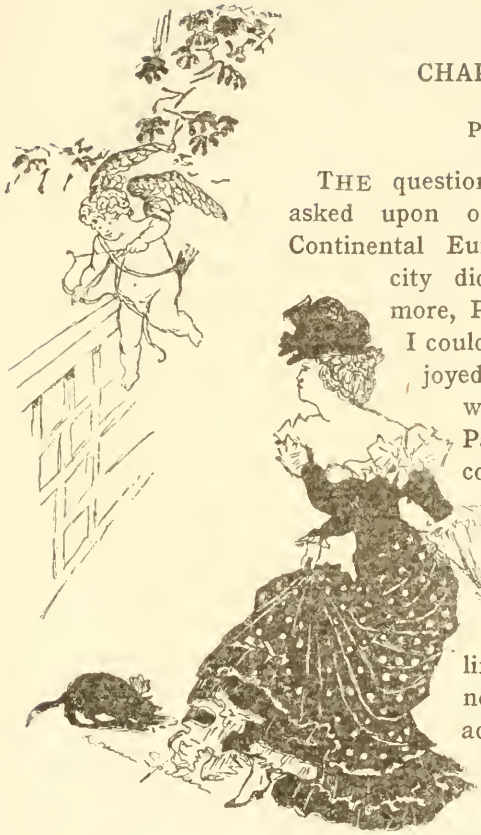
THEY tell you over here that the Alps have the robust beauty of the Alleghanies combined with the scenic grandeur of the Rockies; but there is not the slightest duplicate of the Rocky Mountains that we discovered. Surely nothing could exceed in loveliness Lucerne. As we wound down the hillside near the foot of the lake, backed by precipitous mountains running away to where their peaks lift up their snows, we saw below us, and around a beautifully colored bay, Lucerne. It was showery, as it often is, the day we went to Lucerne, but we soon found that it only added to our excited expectation. We enter, among real hills and enormous tunnels, the longest I ever passed through, sweet little valleys; Swiss cottages nestle in the hillside, showing little else but the enormous roofs that

come nearly to the ground, giving the cottages such a picturesque look; when suddenly, shining through showers, appeared the Alps, like molten silver in the early light, the clouds drifting over them, now hiding, now disclosing, the enchanting heights. Almost every tourist stops at Lucerne, as it possesses direct communication with all parts of Europe. Lying in the very heart of Switzerland, it enables travellers to get to all important spots with comparative ease. It is situated in a most picturesque spot, at the head of the lake of the four Cantons, which here pours out its clear crystal waters through the rushing Reuss. This river has such a current tumbling right through the main street that I experienced a great solicitude for the inhabitants, for fear it would get out of its banks into the buildings that line its very edge. I finally subsided, as no one else seemed anxious. The town itself is severed by the emerald waters of the bridge-spanned Reuss. We walked through and over several of them. The quaint old "Kapell Brücke," roofed with wood and built across the river in a slanting line to avoid the great pressure of the waters, is interesting. It has curious old paintings on its arches throughout its length, and readable German script. The further end of the bridge opens on to "Schwanen Platz," a fashionable promenade of the place, and it is loved for its shady avenues of chestnut trees and its splendid view of the lake and the Alps. As our stay was short, we took a cog-wheel to one of its mountain resorts, which

opened to our view the many indescribable charms of Lucerne and its splendid lake of irregular form. This magnificent lake runs its gulfs up among the mountains, which are traversed by steamers. By sitting down at one of the many " Schöne Aussichts " we had a sweeping view of the city below and its beautiful environments. We could enjoy its architecture, which embraced pure Renaissance in its Rathhaus, its " Kirche " in simple Gothic, its Jesuit Church in baroque, its multitude of Swiss cottages; and, above all, an exceedingly fine view of the near ranges of the Alps. This embraced the crags of Pilatus and Rigikuln; beyond them were the immortal snows of the higher Alps.

We were told here to defer our shopping until we went to Zurich, but a short distance away, situated on a lake to which it has given its name. We found it to be a busy, industrial city of 160,000 inhabitants, where all merchandise could be had cheaper than in any city in Europe. It had a prosperous appearance throughout.

Consul Gifford, stationed at Basel, says that Switzerland's trade figures are especially noteworthy. This diminutive republic, about half as large as the State of Maine, swallowed up in our big Texas, is commercially the most highly developed part of the world. These remarkable results, attained by a country without seaports, without coal or iron, in fact, without any considerable quantity of raw material for its manufactures, are truly wonderful.



CHAPTER X

PARIS

THE question most frequently asked upon one's return from Continental Europe is, "Which city did you enjoy the more, Paris or London?" I could say which I enjoyed the more, but that would not be just to Paris; for, with the continued sight-seeing of months prior to our arrival at Paris, we, in a limited time, could not see Paris; then add to its innumerable charms and interests the Exposition of 1900,

and it would be more honest to say what we did not see than to relate what we really saw; which, to tell the truth, was little, compared to its wealth of treasures and sights unseen. You are not there long until you realize that the cities disagree morally and physically. The disagreeable English Channel may cause the ill feeling between the two coasts. When we were taken for English people by the less observing public servants, we received scarcely civil attention; the contrast was quite marked when we were known as Americans, a fact apparently hard to disguise, it seems. The contrast between these two countries, lying so close together, could not be greater than between different continents, and the contrast between their capitals is even more decided. They cannot be called rivals, for each is so great in its own way. As we came into Paris from Lucerne it was early in the morning, before fashion's hour. The country showed the highest state of cultivation; in fact, the whole of Europe appears as a beautifully kept park. We noticed attractive roads leading everywhere through France—magnificent distances, with artistically formed shade trees, as trim and clean as though they adorned a delightful park, when they are, to all appearances, mere public highways. The French foliage is thin and a little sparse, the grass light in color, their landscape resembling our own in spring tone; a striking contrast to the massive English trees, which have a look of solidity in substance and color; the grass

thick and as green as emerald. Their vegetable wealth seems as if it were tropical in luxuriance, hardened and solidified by northern influences. We had been told we had made a mistake by seeing the Continent first and England later, but I don't agree, and felt again we could congratulate ourselves, as we did, in seeing the Rhenish provinces before the Swiss Alps. A striking contrast in the habits of the people is shown in their eating and drinking. Paris is brilliant with cafés, and the whole world seems to be out in one grand dress parade, sipping wine, coffee, and, very often, absinthe. They have what is known as the "absinthe hour," when almost everyone you meet seems to be under its influence or some other.

Every American on his maiden trip to Europe turns his mind in friendly delight and expectation to Paris with almost childlike confidence. "See Paris and die," causes many Americans to approach it with no lukewarm feeling. If you do not rave over it, something is the matter with you, not Paris; but with us it was, as in exaggerated expectations, more in the anticipation.

My chief regret being no time to realize my fondest hopes, as I must confess, my expectations were more joyous and confiding concerning Paris than any other spot. The rush of the Exposition caused the first disappointment, all hotel rates far in advance. It was in our everlasting search for an abiding-place that we discovered the size of Paris and its smells, where garlic fought for supremacy over other

less desirable odors, resembling very closely the odors of the far East Side of New York. Then add to this the terrors of their language. We had stumbled through Germany with our German with American accent, but were sadly " up against it " here. Laboring under these disadvantages we could save neither time, money, nor energy; for the most of of the last-named article was exhausted in our effort to make them understand where we wanted to go, and how.

We were centred in the most fashionable part of the city—Hotel Deux Monde, on Avenue de l'Opera, which is midway between the Palais Royal and the Louvre. We have frequently stood on this and other avenues for one half-hour waiting for an omnibus to stop: they pay no attention to the flourishing of an umbrella. Finally, wishing to reach some remote district, you call a carriage to your assistance out of the thousands anxiously waiting the job, when every cab-driver for squares starts after you, and you can imagine yourself added to the long list of unclaimed dead, who, I imagine, receive about as much attention as one of the many horses you see lying dead during a short ride. On the other hand, we could be driven in state almost anywhere for, say, thirty cents apiece, and only three dollars for a seat at grand opera, which you pay five for in New York. Or you can visit the Louvre, and feast your eyes without hindrance upon treasures which kings cannot buy.

You can drive in the Bois or walk up the Champs Élysées—that magnificent avenue—nowhere else is the eye more delighted with life and color. At the fashionable hour of the day, the Champs Élysées its entire length is crowded with people. There could not have been less than ten miles of spectators in triple rows who took their place to watch the turnout of fashion and rank; vehicles of every description, splendid horses, and magnificent liveries. Any place else but Paris would be a jam. Whenever the sun shines all Paris is out, no matter what part of the city you happen to be in. At the entrance to the Exposition a sight greets your overstrained optics that opens them wide. We enter the Rue de Rivoli, with its Corinthian colonnade—the longest in the world. Here an opportunity is afforded to peep in on the original Redfern. We passed on to the Place de la Concorde, the largest and most beautiful in Paris, the memorable spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded. In the centre rises the obelisk, between two majestic fountains, whose springing jets, a quivering pillow of water, matched the stone shaft of Egypt. As you look down the avenue you have the dancing column of water, the obelisk, the Arc de Triomphe, all in a line, and the trees and the golden sunset beyond. At this point (the Arc de Triomphe) twelve beautiful avenues meet, which I could name if I called in the assistance of a guide-book. On the top of this edifice a splendid view is obtained. The Champ Élysées, with its myriads

of gas-lights, is a unique sight. It is right here that we sat down one evening and discussed whether we would visit the Exposition, with its great pyrotechnic display, or sit and watch the people enjoying themselves in their own characteristic way. We chose the latter.

When you compare the delicious cooking of the French with that of the Germans (which becomes quite monotonous after many weeks), it is in favor of the French, if you don't know exactly what it is, with its odds and ends. You realize a great deal for your money in variety and quantity, and it seems to satisfy your hunger. None of it is as good as our own home cooking, no matter what the epicurean may say to the contrary. One of the pleasant things of Paris is the exquisite gentlewomanhood that is shown you everywhere in the shopping district: no matter how tired they may be, the customer never sees it. A tact and delicious gaiety shown by the saleswomen called forth my lasting gratitude. Then, too, you "kinda" like Paris, when for fifty cents you can buy the glove you must pay two dollars for in our land of great industries. These and many other things make you repel the idea that we excel in everything. Far from it. Paris is wide awake when more puritanical cities are fast asleep. They seem not to want to be rushed to bed, nor hurried out in the morning. It is all less a moral affair with them than a physical and mental one; they move slowly, go to bed late, and consume

equally as much time getting up. The crowded midnight streets, with their loud and singing parties driving by at every hour, affects one, if you have often heard it. The streets at eight o'clock in the morning have such a blank look that you think they have all left on a holiday. We had seen so much in Germany, where everything was bedecked and bepainted, that the Exposition had not the charm that it should have had, simply because it was a repetition on a larger scale of what we had been feasting on for weeks; even a thought of a palace, or the faintest hint of a museum or art gallery, caused a panic in our "household." There is truly such a thing as having too much of a good thing. My chief delight was to visit the most fashionable shopping districts, and cut out art entirely. Although the whole city seems to be given over to fashion (and upon good authority I hear that these originators and designers of fashion make some change every six weeks in some part of the feminine wardrobe) as a means of filling its coffers, yet there is always one particular part or street that is the most exclusive, and where the most exclusive things are made and sold. The Rue de la Paix seems to be the headquarters for the most fashionable dressmaking and millinery. I think it was on this street that at least six hats were being trimmed for my inspection, which I never inspected. They are so willing and anxious to trim one exclusively for you, that, rather than disappoint them, I assented. "English spoken

here," as you see quite often in their shops, means this—" Do you speak English ? "—" Yas, a leedle," and here it ends. I visited Felix, the greatest of all designers, whose fame and work is enjoyed by the royalty of Europe, and extends as far as some of the Sultan's favorites and a few of the Mikado's court. He is on Rue de Honore. We learned when in company at Wiesbaden with the ex-President of the Argentine Republic and his wife and daughter for several weeks, that South American belles are among some of his most extravagant patrons, and it is certainly true, if they were fair representatives. Paquin's is one of the most imposing places, as so many modistes have little shops or a corner of a shop that has no resemblance to our business establishments. With or without ostentation, Paris can justly lay claim to being the capital of the world of dress.

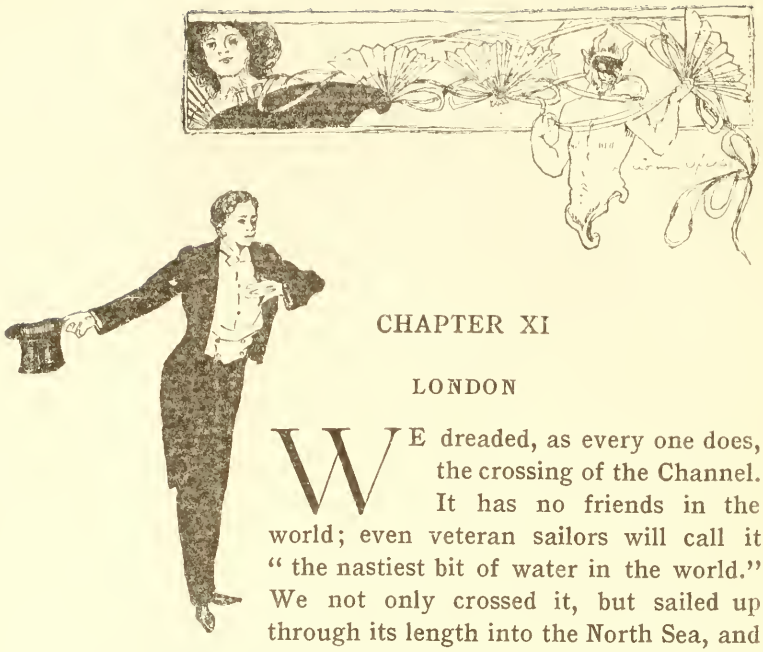
The Exposition suffered only by comparison with our Fair of 1893, on account of the crowded condition of the buildings, and the necessary absence of the landscape beauty, which so greatly enhanced our Chicago Fair. The United States building (as has been frequently remarked), was especially unfortunate in this respect. The very best view of it, from the Alexandria Bridge was entirely shut off by the Turkish building, which stood directly in its way. The thing that I thought the most unattractive, was the treatment or color-scheme of the mural decoration on its portal; an unfortunate cold, slate-

blue tone, as I remember it, against the severe white building made it lack warmth, and repelled rather than invited. The German and British buildings were much more imposing and artistic; especially is this true of their interiors, as both countries have priceless art treasures to draw upon. Valuable tapestries were hung upon their walls, and the best in their national museums were transferred to their buildings. Of course we had no such fund to draw upon. The part of the Exposition that impressed us most strongly was the two Art Palaces, which are to be permanent buildings, and are well worth a visit to the Exposition. No words could express the beauty and grandeur of these Art Palaces and the treasures they contained. We experienced deep gratification as we lingered near the statuary of MacMonnies and St. Gaudens, whose "grand prix" were as numerous as on the paintings in the United States exhibit. In front of this beautiful palace we listened to the harmonious strains of the national French air, which seemed to touch the heart of every born Frenchman, who not only uncovered his head, but arose to his feet and joined loudly and feelingly in his national hymn. As the last strain died away, leaving a pleasant and happy feeling with all, I was both glad and thankful for this privilege, and had a greater respect for the Frenchman.

Whistler's paintings at the Exposition are dreams of color; it is said "they are the pink of Fragonard, the brown of Rembrandt, the amber of Titian, the

gray of Whistler"; that undefinable gray called "the gray of mist and of distance," is made of all the shades—a little white, a little blue, a little green. He is called the "symphonist of half tints," the "musician of the rainbow." "No other painter has understood as well the mysterious relations of painting to music—seven colors, as there are seven notes—and the way to play them with what might be named the sharps and flats of the prism. Even as a symphony made in D or a sonata in A, Whistler's pictures are orchestrated according to a tone." "The Lady with the Iris," for example: the mauve flower placed in the hand of the woman is a note signifying that the portrait is a colored polyphony of lilacs and violets. The Luxembourg has Whistler's greatest work,—the portrait of his mother. A French art critic says concerning the picture: "What a bold and novel line is the one of that long body, hardly perceptible in its black gown! What a psychological penetration is in the face! The mind of the sitter colors with the pink of a sunset her cheeks that age has made pale. The whites of the picture—the white of the lace bonnet, the white of the handkerchief held in the hand with the gesture of a communicant—are infinitely chaste. Does not old age bring me back to initial purity? The deep black of the drapery, studded with small flowers, is significant. Behind it the entire life of the woman palpitates but disappears. To make an accord of those whites and blacks—the gray that adheres to the walls floats in

a mist, extends the softness, makes uniform its tint of pale ashes, as if it were the ashes of years fled from a material heart." Whistler and Poe, it is said, are the greatest men of genius in Art that America has produced. The figures that they have created have the same haunting effect—apparitions emerging from the twilight of backgrounds. They are enigmatic personages. One does not know if they are entering life or going out of it.



CHAPTER XI

LONDON

WE dreaded, as every one does, the crossing of the Channel. It has no friends in the world; even veteran sailors will call it "the nastiest bit of water in the world." We not only crossed it, but sailed up through its length into the North Sea, and found it about as peaceable as any, and a very much slandered bit of water. The hatred is so strong between the people that line its shores, it is not to be wondered at if it is sometimes disagreeable, just to be agreeable. Our household was greatly disturbed while crossing the Channel, and although the day was cold enough for one to be snugly wrapped away in a rug, yet nothing but a stand near the guard rail, as far front in the bow as possible, where the cold wind hit the hardest, would satisfy. The fish

saw rather a pale, wan face as it occasionally fed them. After taking a train for Charing Cross, London, we wound our way through numberless railway tracks, sometimes over a road and sometimes under one, now through a tunnel, then past the chimney pots, as we came into the pale light and thickened industry of London town. Even the 'bus drivers tell you how disagreeable London is at times, when everybody falls hopelessly into the dumps. By the way, they are a coterie of highly informed gentlemen on whatever you wish to know, and take a keen delight in pointing out objects of interest. Be sure and take a seat beside the driver on one of these " double-decker omnibuses," even if you do have the sensation of colliding or rather taking a header on the horses' backs.

We were domiciled at Hotel Windsor, Westminster, where we had an opportunity of passing the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey whenever we went down town, which meant Trafalgar Square, the centre of the universe, it seems.

They can all rave about French cooking, but give me the substantial English meal,—" a dinner off the joint, sir,"—with what belongs to it, and a waiter to whom you can make known any other wants, and eating once more is a fascinating theme.

The gigantic London of the present day was once a small town on the banks of the Thames; in its expansion it has absorbed the more aristocratic city of Westminster and some eighty-five villages on

both sides of the river. This fact, coupled with its great age and the undulating character of the district upon which it has grown, has rendered it very irregular in appearance. Crooked roads, narrow streets, gloomy slums, are some of the characteristics of the British metropolis. This condition of affairs was very much verified as we left the handsome Tower Bridge and walked through the fish market, with its numerous smells—a terribly congested spot—in order to visit the Tower, historically the most interesting building in London, or in the whole of England. To the east of it stands the old Roman wall. Tradition states that a fortress was erected on this site by Julius Cæsar, but the present structure, though part of it is Saxon, dates in the main from the days of William the Conqueror—and has been the scene of many tragedies. On this same trip we visited the Monument which was raised in commemoration of the big fire, and is near London Bridge. I have no pleasant memory of this climb, as, country-like, we climbed up its spiral stairway hundreds of feet to its top, where other foolish people have trod. I suppose we would have mounted Eiffel Tower if it had been possible. I did n't know who looked and felt the silliest. We are that silly pot of flame on its summit. I asked what this meant, and was told: "The architect's (Sir Christopher Wren's) intention was to erect the statue of Charles II. on the summit, but he was overruled by some inferior judgment." If they had allowed his

designs to be carried out, London would have been the handsomest city in the world, as he is responsible for London's most beautiful edifices, including St. Paul's Cathedral, the finest and most famous edifice in London. They say that St. Peter's of Rome is finer still; how can it be possible? It is a Renaissance structure of similar lines to St. Paul's of Rome. Its beautiful exterior, although spoiled by London's smoke, is exceedingly grand. The dome forms a far-famed whispering gallery, and a handsome marble pulpit; beautiful carvings by Grindling Gibbons, and a reredos which has given rise to much heart-burning. The ceiling of the choir and aspe has within recent years been decorated with rich mosaics by Mr. Richmond, R.A. But the most interesting parts of the building are the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Wren, John Howard, Dr. Johnson, and others, and presidents of the Royal Academy; the last occupying a spot which is styled "Painters' Corner." As we took our seats under the nave, scarcely knowing what spot or corner on which to indulge our eyes longest, one by one dropped down into the pews with bowed head, for a word of silent prayer at our side; some no doubt beset with the trials of such a gigantic city, others lured hesitatingly from their pleasures—doubting, questioning at strife with self—while others came, throbbing with life and inspiration and ungratified aspirations, all hoping, fearing, but possibly desiring rest or peace. Did they find it? Soon the choir

voices responded to the organ, and the vox humana stop was such a wonderful imitation that we sat mastered by the spell; but it was not in tricks of imitation that the organ was so wonderful, as in its compass—its power of revealing. We realized for the first time that we were in the midst of Vespers, a delightful surprise. I thought as we sat spell-bound under the influence of the music, what influences of earth and heaven, what meetings and warrings of aspiring souls, what struggles and contending passion and agony of endeavor and resistance had these silent sentimentals in marble been witness to! I wondered how many more surviving ones they would watch over, as they climbed the steep and rocky way, with the world and self to conquer, before their souls could attain the serene summit, amid a burst of triumph from a fuller orchestra than had ever yet been heard — the last Alpine storm and trial over, clouds rolled by, and the sunshine perpetual. As we left its sacred portals, the sweet evening hymn floated through the peaceful air. We went out into the busy street, crowded and motley, awed and a little comforted, proceeding in silence for some time.

Each day in passing Westminster Abbey in our sight-seeing, we would naturally turn to it. The exterior of this ancient building shows the ravages of time, and particularly smoke. It was founded in the seventh century, was destroyed by the Danes, and rebuilt by Edward the Conqueror. As you know,

from that day to this it has seen the coronation of the English sovereigns, many of whom lie buried in it, but that awakened no particular interest in me; my eyes involuntarily wandered to the monuments of the mighty men—a host of warriors, statesmen, poets, and artists who rested beneath its stones. Statues of many of them fill the edifice, dividing or perpetually disturbing the awe-inspiring beauty of the interior. The building consists of a nave, flanked with aisles, a transept, and a fine choir. In the southern transept, facing the beautiful rose window, with its splendid tints and shades, lies the Poets' Corner, containing the remains of many authors, marked by their busts. Between the Abbey and the river rises Westminster Hall, the old Parliament House—the greatest monument of English liberty. As one stands and views the handsome exterior of the west front of the Abbey, with its tall and stately towers, the entire edifice embellished with the richest tracery, and the morning sun bathing its rich old stone, which has stood in the storms for ages, it seems to tower away into heaven—a mass of carving and sculpture. Then as he views the interior, the old saints and martyrs who have stood there for ages (as they have stood in their lifetime, with patient waiting), he feels as though he were in the best society of his lifetime. A great company, a mighty host, in attitudes of grace and pomp, as well as those of praise and worship. There they were, ranks on ranks, silent in stone. It required

little fancy to feel that they had lived, and as we passed out of the holy sepulchre I looked back at the long procession which had such an irresistible influence, and tried to learn a lesson from their impressive patience as they awaited the Golden Day.

The Thames, the national highway of the greatest city in the world, seems to London what the elevated railway is to New York—its little steamers arriving at its numerous piers on almost as good schedule time (five-minute service) as our own trains.

London is not a Venice, but London's busy river turns and turns again, and turns up at points least expected, and is crossed many times by some of the finest bridges in the world. London Bridge! The very centre of civilization, with the exception, perhaps, of Calcutta. There is not another city in the world whose bridge is trodden by so many feet as is London Bridge. At nine o'clock on a summer morning you see it at its busiest, and it is an interesting study to note the gradual improvement that each succeeding half hour brings in the worldly appearance of its motley crowd, which flocks to its occupation or its business.

> "Proud and lowly, beggar and lord,
> Over the bridge they go;
> Hurry along, sorrow and song,
> All is vanity 'neath the sun.
> Velvet and rags, so the world wags,
> Until the river no more shall run."

We started to the beautiful Kew Gardens one fine

day from Charing Cross pier, which is the very centre of hotel life in London—all streets and roads and omnibus lines emanate from Charing Cross. This is one of the most historically interesting reaches of the Thames. Along this channel have passed the Briton in his coracle, the Roman in his warship, the Anglo-Saxon and the Dane in their galleys—the Norman, the Tudor, and the Stuart in their resplendent barges. Youth, beauty, and gallantry, genius and learning, the courtier and the soldier, the prelate and the poet, the merchant and the 'prentice, have taken their pleasures on these waters through a succession of ages that form no mean portion of the world's history. Patriots and traitors have gone this way to their death in the sullen tower, kings and princes have proceeded by this silver path in bridal pomp or to festal banquets.

We steamed up the river, with every step of its banks replete with history, every step having been painted on canvas or commemorated in song from time immemorial, and not only still retains its charms, but has even added to them.

"O veil of bliss! O softly swelling hills,
Heavens! What a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns."

We got off at the pier of Kew Gardens, where thousands land for a visit each day to this beautiful spot. No one can afford to miss this place, even if you are not entertained by the Duchess while there.

There 's not such a park anywhere. What splendid trees it has! The horse-chestnut, a rich mass from its base—whose branches rest on the ground, as those of so many trees do here—to its highest dome. Hawthorns, and a variety that sweep its turf, which is an emerald green, and so deep that you walk with a grateful sense of drawing life from its wonderful depths. On this beautiful turf the boys are playing cricket in great numbers, and the children are getting as intimate with this sweet-smelling earth as their nurses will allow. The beauty of the green is heightened by the masses of color from flowers in a state of perfection; the whole effect is one of luxury and solidity that we encounter nowhere else, and it was with regret that we hearkened to the evening call, which was musical in its way, to quit the garden.

The Thames is beautiful here. While waiting for the boat, which was delayed by low tide, we entered a little cottage (which gave notice of hospitality), and looked out over the beautiful green of a churchyard, where one of England's greatest painters, Gainsborough, lies in repose. He is still in the minds and hearts of not only his own people, but is appreciated by our American millionaire, Pierpont Morgan, to the extent of $150,000, the sum expended for the lost gem—the "Duchess of Devonshire." Truly, these people are surrounded by history, tradition, and romance five or six centuries old.

CHAPTER XII

HE National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, without taking Ruskin's word for it, is the most important collection of paintings in Europe. The most expensive purchases are the "Blenheim Raphael," "Blenheim Van Dyke," the "Pisani," "Veronese," the two "Correggios," and "Lord Radnor's" three. They are splendid specimens of the greatest of the English old masters and so many of their successors; whilst the large collection of Turner's is unrivalled and incomparable. In order to insure the high level of the National Gallery in point of quality, an act was passed in 1883 authorizing the sale of unsuitable works, thinning out the gallery in favor of provincial collections. The result of this wise weeding is that, though there are many galleries in which there are more pictures to be seen, there are none in which they are more really worth seeing. There is another way in which pictures interest the spectator in after ages: a painter inevitably shows us something of himself in his work.

He shows us something of his age—of its costumes, its manner of life, and, if a portrait painter, the characters and physiognomy of its men and women. It is necessary to study them in historic order, as we find painting has in each school been a progressive one. I first studied the early Flemish pictures, which are a striking contrast to the Italian pictures. There is no feeling or beauty in them. What is it, then, that gives these pictures their worth, and causes their painters to be included among the greatest masters of the world? Look at the most famous Van Dyke; the longer you look the more you will see its absolute fidelity to nature in dress and detail, especially in portraiture. Here the men and women of the time are set down precisely as they lived. They were the first to discover the mixing of oil with colors, and made oil painting much more popular. Their pictures have an imperishable firmness, with exquisite delicacy.

The French painters were poorly represented here; especially did it seem so after viewing their wonderful exhibit at the Exposition. The Paris school is the chief centre of art teaching in the world; and is marked for its excessive realism and gross sensuality. This reminds me of one of their pictures exhibited at the Exposition—so shockingly realistic it should be barred from any exhibit; no place else would it be allowed to hang. Of course, the French are ideal painters as well; Claude Poussin and Greuze are striking contrasts.

The chief glory of the English school of painting consists in its treatment of landscape. The first man who struck out a more distinctly English line in landscape painting was Gainsborough; then followed Constable, whom every student of Adams in " Muncie Art School " is familiar with. How thoroughly I enjoyed seeing the originals, Constable's " Valley Farm," etc. Here they hang in all their originality. But greater than all his predecessors, and uniting in the course of his career the tastes and strength of them all, is Turner. Great difference of opinion is held upon the question wherein his greatness consists. Was it for truths that he recorded, or visions that he invented? It did seem as you looked around at his vast collection—the contrast between the dark and heavy pictures on one wall and the bright and aerial on the other—that " The gleam, the light that never was on sea or land —the consecration and the poet's dream," was there shown. His great aim or artistic ambition was to give a complete knowledge, and reach a complete representation of light in all its phases ; and his greatest pictures are where he completely attains his aim. He was the first painter who first represented the full beauty of sun-color. He ended by painting such visions of the sun in his glory as in the " Téméraire." Turner said " the sun was God." How happy I was to see the real, original " Téméraire," that I had tried so hard to reproduce with the assistance of J. O. Adams and Wm.

Forsythe. As for Turner's faithful rendering of the forms of natural objects, he was first, says Ruskin, " to draw a mountain or a stone, no other man having learned their organization and possessed himself of their spirit. The first to represent the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water." Turner did this with scientific accuracy, not because he was himself learned in science, but because of his genius for seeing into the heart of things and seizing their essential form and character, and that is what is meant by saying " Turner's landscape is ideal," and that is why he is the great impressionist he is. His pictures are of scenes not as any one might gather, but as representations of how he himself saw them. He at all times painted his impressions. The faculty of receiving such impressions strongly, and reproducing them vividly, is precisely what distinguishes the poet, whether in language or painting. He was great because the impressions which natural scenery made upon him were noble impressions. He not only saw nature in its truth and beauty, but he saw it in relation and subjection to the human soul. He paints the loveliness of nature, but he ever connects that loveliness with the soul and labor of men. Looking round this great room you cannot help note the spirit of the pictures. I tore myself away as the last call was heard to vacate the room. My next was to try to appreciate Rubens, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, of which there is a large collection, and then

Raphael. Just opposite the entrance in Room VI. your eye rests immediately upon his great canvas, the "Ansidei Madonna." If you had never heard of Raphael, the crowd that at all times surrounds it would attract your attention. His "Garvagh Madonna" is depicted as merely a human mother; so is the child a purely human child, the divinity being only indicated by a halo;—the two figures with a little St. John, the children playing with a pink. As late as 1171 the divinity of the Virgin was insisted upon. I lingered by the canvas of the Holy Family, painted by Michael Angelo. But what is the use of trying to study that wonderful exhibition as a whole, with its Leonardo da Vincis, its Murillos, its Velasquezs, and so on. I lingered in front of one of Rubens's—a landscape painted in Italy, but a pure Flemish scene, just because Ruskin has said: "The Dutch painters are always contented with their flat fields and pollards," agreeing with the Lincolnshire farmer in Kingsley's "Alton Locke": "None o' this here darned ups and downs o' hills, to shake a body's victuals out of his inwards, but all so vlat as a barn's vloor for forty miles on end—this is the country to live in!"

The portrait of "Gevartius," by Van Dyke, is considered by Van Dyke himself as his masterpiece, and before he gained his great reputation he carried it about with him from court to court to show what he could do as a portrait painter. I only wish I could reproduce it here, so as to show the liquid, living

lustre of the eye that Van Dyke puts before you in this great portrait. Then there 's Rembrandt's many pictures. He is the great master of the school who strive not at representing the color of the objects, but the contrasts of light and shade upon them. These effects he attains with magnificent skill and subtlety. The strong and solitary light, with its impenetrable obscurity around, is the characteristic feature of many of his best works, just such an effect as would be produced by the one ray of light admitted into the lofty chamber of a mill, from the small window, its ventilator. "The Woman Taken in Adultery" is a "tour de force" in the artist's specialty of contrasts of light and shade; there is a succession of these contrasts which gradually renders the subject intelligible. The eye falls at once on the woman who is dressed in white, passes then to the figure of Christ, which next to her is the most strongly lighted, and so on to Peter, to the Pharisees, to the soldiers, till at length it perceives in the mysterious gloom of the temple, the high altar, with the worshippers on the steps.

But I am naturally drawn back to Turner's wonderful room, possibly because it seems like associating again with dear old friends, for that which greets my vision as I enter is Turner's "Crossing the Brook," so much copied in the art school, although the original is as large again as the copy I attempted of J. O. Adams. It seems twice as valuable to me since I have had the privilege of noting

the beautiful expression of tender diffused daylight over this wide and varied landscape. I think it was Charles Lamb who said, " My household gods are held down by stakes deeply driven, and they cannot be removed without drawing blood." After all, one's associates and co-workers go to make up an important part of one's life.

I could not leave without once more turning back to my old " Téméraire." She, so I have read, was a ninty-eight-gun ship, was the second ship in Nelson's line at the battle of Trafalgar, 1805, and, having little provisions or water on board, was what sailors call " flying light." So as to be able to keep pace with the fast sailing " Victory," when the latter drew upon herself all the enemy's fire, the " Téméraire " tried to pass her to take it in her stead, but Nelson himself hailed to her to keep astern. She lay with a French 74-gun ship on each side of her,—both her prizes,—one lashed to her mainmast and one to her anchor. She was sold out of the service at Sheerness in 1838, and towed to Rotherhithe to be broken up. The flag which braved the battle and the breeze no longer owns her. The picture was first exhibited at the Academy in 1839, with the above lines cited in the catalogue. Ruskin says this about it: " Of all the pictures, not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic ever painted; the utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin, but no ruin was ever so affecting as this

gliding of the vessel to the grave. This particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory, surely if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection we owe them here. Surely some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts for her—some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters. Nay, not so ; we have stern keepers to trust her glory to, the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunlight lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps when the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask idly, 'Why the moss grows so green on the rugged wood ?' And even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night dew lies deep in the war rents of the wood of the old ' Téméraire.' " The spirit of the picture, the pathetic contrast of the old ship's past glory with her present end, is caught in the contrast of the sunset with the shadow. The cold, deadly shadows of the twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment as you look you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night has arisen over the vastness of the departing form. As I remember it, Mrs. Rose B. Stewart, of the Muncie Art School, and the writer had a fair copy of the same, thanks to J. O. Adams.

While there is entertainment and recreation in this delightful collection, yet for my own personal benefit, aside from a few pets, I prefer the study and the ownership of modern painters and the new school.

CHAPTER XIII

SCOTLAND

WE pass castle after castle, tradition after tradition, vouching for persecutions and the price of blood paid. Here are the historical surroundings of Queen Mary and her imprisonment, her escape from the dungeon; there the royal property acquired by the Earl of Rosebery ; then again a square tower resting on the northwest angle of this pile is replete with history. A mouldering gateway here surmounted by a crown and the initials and year "M.R., 1561," tradition claiming this as the birthplace of Cromwell's mother ; and so on, until one is dizzy with dates and towers, almost every inch bearing some part in the history of a country during troublesome times. But as Sir Walter Scott is authority for a great part of this history, I will refer you to him as a much more reliable source of information, and will only attempt an outdoor description of this beautiful country, whose

landscape lacks none of the fervor, picturesqueness, and sincerity which are ascribed to it—an appropriate background for its unequalled history in those turbulent days.

We were well satiated by this time with royal institutions, including palaces, schools of learning, museums of science and art, botanical gardens, and the zoos, with the exception of one monument in Edinburgh,—Scott's grand memorial,—one of the most beautiful on the handsomest street in the world,—Princess Street, Edinburgh,—which is unlike any other I had ever seen.

We took what is known as the " Scotch Flyer " from London to Edinburgh. Its schedule time in some places is seventy miles per hour. It was about a five-hundred-miles' run, devoid of interest. As we neared Edinburgh the grade became very steep, requiring two engines to pull us up—a very long train and crowded. The conductor told us this was its chronic condition. The English, next to Americans, are the greatest gad-abouts in the world. It is hard to decide which does its work the quickest, the " Scotch Flyer " or Scotch whiskey ; while the social evil is offensive enough in London and Paris, here it assumes a downright animal coarseness ; the effects of Scotch whiskey in Edinburgh is alarmingly apparent. We saw more men and real young boys beastly drunk there than in any place on the continent, the police taking no heed of their noise, apparently so accustomed to it that it went as a

matter of course. Saturday afternoon is a half-holiday in Edinburgh ; the whole city seems to scatter or seek the country highways and environs. Everybody visits the great Forth Bridge, said to be the greatest and grandest bridge in the world.

The strait, where this wonderful bridge crosses the Forth at Queensferry, has from time immemorial been recognized as the chief natural route of communication between its northern and southern shores. It was known among the Romans as the "Passage Strait." The inconvenience of being dependent in all kinds of weather upon boats for communication between the two sides of the coast had long been commented upon, and when any bold spirit talked of a bridge from one side to the other, he was looked upon as being highly visionary. The engineering problem involved in the condition at Queensferry was the most serious one. It was then proposed that a bridge formed upon the principle of the Tay Bridge be built ; the design was by Sir Thomas Bouch, engineer of the ill-fated Tay Bridge. He proposed to hang his erection on piers 600 feet high and across the stream by two latticed girders of 16,000 feet each, held in position on the suspension principle. This plan involved a double bridge, one for each set of rails. When the Tay Bridge fell, there fell with it previously unshaken confidence in the great engineer, and the feeling against the Forth suspension bridge became so pronounced that the Abandonment Act was the result.

Those of us who are old enough (and I regret to chronicle that I have been on the planet long enough to entitle me to such knowledge) will never forget the sensation produced as they read of this long train with its human freight signalling the time of its departure when leaving the station on one side, but which never signalled its arrival on the other side; never a vestige recovered from that grasping, merciless monster, the North Sea. In 1882 it was decided that plans should be made on the cantilever principle; a steel cantilever bridge should be made—a principle as old as the science of engineering. It had been practically known to the Chinese, but never before had it been applied on so magnificent a scale. A feature of the Paris Exposition was a design for a bridge crossing the English Channel by seventy cantilever spans, offered by an eminent firm as an alternative to the Channel tunnel, at an estimated cost of £34,000,000 sterling. This project, however, does not meet with the hearty approval of the Englishman, who wants neither done, having no desire to facilitate communication with the French.

Foreign engineers all favor this principle of the Forth Bridge, it is said, since the first publication of the design. Practically every big bridge throughout the world has been built on that principle. To form some opinion yourself, the total height of the structure from its base is fully 450 feet. Visitors can hardly appreciate its actual magnitude until

they compare adjacent objects—ships, houses, human beings, etc. Its relative size is seen when in figures you compare it to all other chief erections in the world; higher than the domes of any of the great cathedrals of the world, or monuments of the old world. Its rail level would be as high above the sea as the castle esplanade was above Princess Street, the castle built on the highest overlooking bluff in Edinburgh, and the steel work of the bridge would soar two hundred feet higher. The bridge was formally inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1890, when the Prince of Wales, now the King of England, turned a tap clinching the last bolt; this declared the bridge open. Her Majesty was so much delighted with Sir John Fowler, chief engineer of this gigantic undertaking, and Mr. Benjamin Baker, his colleague in the engineering, that she created them Knights Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. It has taken some time to speak of such a huge affair. We reached Queensferry by the daily coaches (or tally-hos) that run from Princess Street, carrying forty people on top.

The scenery en route is delightfully attractive and varied, and the interest is sustained throughout. In addition to the more commanding natural beauty of the scenery, the woods abound in picturesque vistas—Dalmeny Castle on one side, the seat of the Earl of Rosebery, and on the other side the seat of the Earl of Hopetoun ; both are available to the public. But what interested us more than this

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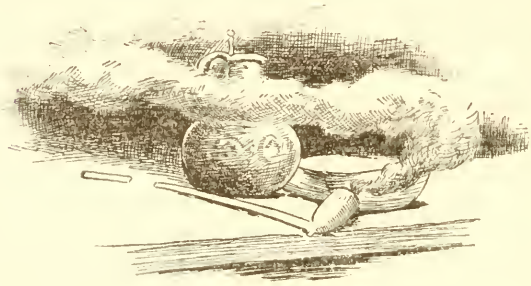
tiresome pomp and display were the hundreds of beggars or mendicants that line or infest the public road, going through all sorts of antics, from simply standing on their heads in the mud in roadways to some very clever acrobatic feats ; others singing and dancing for pennies that are thrown to them from the passing coaches. The most comical sight was a blind Highland fiddler and his bonnie lass (adorned in rags) fiddling, at the same time cursing some youngsters filled with Scotch whiskey, who were guying the poor souls beyond endurance. I have heard of all kinds of swearing, but never by note.

One need not move a step from Princess Street, Edinburgh, to be satisfied with his trip. It is the most beautiful street in the world. We stopped at Hotel Clarendon on Princess Street, just opposite the grand old castle, the scene of such bloody history. The scene from our window was unsurpassed, overlooking the gardens and grand promenade which form one side of this beautiful street, with the lofty and grand Scott Monument just beyond, and the Royal School of Design close by,—so pure in its Grecian architecture that one could imagine he was under the shade of the Parthenon. Holyrood Palace and Abbey, where the Queen's Park Drive commences, is the finest drive in Europe. The other side of the street teems with commercial interests, as busy a thoroughfare as you see in any great metropolis.

Brilliant color, quick movement, and over-

anxious faces are the general rule. Too bracing an air in these Scottish Highlands to admit of sluggish movement. I imagined we would step out of the whirl of modern life when we left London and came up here, where one might breathe easier ; but it seems a headland so blessed of two elements—the cool air and the sea—that one is energized, and I longed to stay under its influence and enjoy the physical loveliness of this promontory. One of our favorite walks was a ramble among Salisbury Crags and over Arthur's Seat. The view here of Edinburgh is grand. As you climb up to Arthur's Seat you pass over a beautiful plateau of rich meadowland; this Sabbath day literally alive with men and boys playing all sorts of gambling games, from the shaking of dice or of craps to ace-high. We wound up the hill by terraces, great lengths affording views over the steep wall of rock of the beautiful city below. The air is pure and exhilarating. The city, with its many historical domes, spires, castles, and turrets, is seen to advantage here. As you stand beneath the thick, strong walls, supporting for ages these grand old castles of such great antiquity, you can but wonder if they are capable of carrying these vaulted roofs for generations yet to come. As one climbed these broad, flagged terraces and lounged on the emerald green turf, so deep and inviting, one can scarcely realize that in the same spots, over these steep bluffs, both monks and soldiers climbed centuries ago, and they are still perfectly intact, while

in the last two thousand years, on the coasts, temples and palaces of two generations have tumbled into the sea. Old and young have been sitting on these rocks all the while, high above change, worry, and decay, gossiping and loving. There are groups of rocks standing on the edge of precipices like mediæval towers, reminding one a little of the " Garden of the Gods " in Colorado, but not so phenomenal. We emerged upon a wild, rocky slope, barren of vegetation except little tufts of grass, the rocks rising up to the sky behind, as we stood upon the jutting edge of a precipice.



We are waiting in London for our vessel, where we are sitting before a Michigan roll-top desk, with a home-made door-mat under our feet, on a Nebraska swivel chair, dictating a letter on a Syracuse typewriter, signed by a New York fountain pen, and drying same with a blotter-sheet from New England,

with a small amount of American brains in our head, and a still smaller amount of American coin in our pockets, ready and anxious to see New York, which in ten years hence will be the art centre of the world.

DEUTSCHLAND LOSES A MAN.

The Swift Liner Buffeted by Storms All the Way Across.

The record-holder Deutschland of the Hamburg-American Line had nothing but weather on the voyage she finished yesterday from Hamburg, Southampton, and Cherbourg. The disturbance began just after she left Cherbourg and kept up almost until she got within sight of the coast of Yankeeland. Despite wind and sea she made an hourly average of 21.16 knots, covering a course of 3,058 knots in 6 days and 38 minutes, thus establishing a reputation as a storm-defier.

While she was plunging through the crested seas at 7 o'clock on Wednesday night a part of the crew were ordered forward to put things shipshape. Eugen Sarazin, an able seaman of Russia, 19 years old, was the first man to respond to the order. As he got out on the open deck the Deutschland plunged into a giant comber. The forward deck of the ship looked for a moment like the beach of Coney Island on a stormy day. The young Russian was caught in the swirl and swept overboard. Shipmates who saw him disappear raised an alarm and the great liner was stopped. A lifeboat with four volunteer seamen, under Second Officer Franck, was lowered. It cruised about in the blackness nearly half an hour and found no trace of the luckless tar.

Passengers aboard the liner crowded to the rails and peered into the night hopefully while the lifeboat was searching for Sarazin. When it got back with no news of him a sympathetic passenger suggested that a purse should be raised for Sarazin's family. Three contribution boxes were put up in the ship, and passengers filled them with gold, silver, and paper money. By this system of subscription, new in nautical annals, the left hand knew not what the right hand did. The contents of the boxes will be counted to-day.

Capt. Albers of the Deutschland said the voyage was one of the roughest on record for September. The women passengers did n't have much pleasure. The ship was at times reduced to fifteen knots. The mighty combers through which she smashed scraped the paint off her bows.

Among the big liner's passengers were: George C. Boldt, Leonard Lewisohn, Rud and Henry Kunhardt, Dr. William Tod Helmuth, Charles Dupont Coudert, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Spilker.—*N. Y. Sun.*